

**COMMENT OF
THE DAY**

The Next Move

CHOU En-lai's abrupt and peremptory rejection of the UN invitation to attend the Security Council ceasefire meeting has left the West bewildered, disappointed and dismayed. A less categorical refusal, one at any rate which offered a more reasonable compromise — was anticipated in some quarters as a preliminary bargaining point to ceasefire talks. But since the Chinese Premier has unfortunately so calculatingly spurned the Western plans, another and different effort must be made to resolve the situation.

No further conciliatory gestures can be expected from America. So that means it is up to Britain and the Commonwealth or the Colombo Powers to take the initiative. New Zealand is already reported to be considering offering China joint discussion of her own and the Russian resolutions at the Security Council. But a more acceptable alternative may be found in removing the ceasefire discussions from the forum of the United Nations to an international conference convened by powers whose neutrality is accepted on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

India which has remained quietly aloof from the actual proceedings to date, has informally suggested possible courses. A direct offer of mediation by this neutralist state which has secured the confidence of the Chinese leaders would assist the West immeasurably in their endeavours. Heretofore her reluctance to intervene has been motivated by the desire to avoid any suggestion of interfering in China's "internal affairs". This conforms to her policy of neutralism but Mr Nehru must examine his worthy ideals carefully and consider the implications of Chou's decision.

There is at present a dangerous stalemate. Hostility and truculence is, if not dominant then obviously apparent in Peking and Washington as the chances of mediation drift into the dim distance of improbability. The apparition of conflict and chaos is hard to dispel and its outline becomes more distinct with the advent of recent events. Mr Nehru is a neutralist without being a disinterested bystander. In his hands may be the cooling balm to ease the temperature of a fevered world.

**New Move By Premiers
In Far East Crisis**

**Gale Brings
Death And
Destruction
In Sicily**

Palermo, Sicily, Feb. 4. Seventy miles an hour winds and torrential rain hit the north coast of Sicily today, killing two persons, injuring at least 15 and wrecking communications over a wide area.

The sudden gale followed 15 hours of non-stop rain. It caused walls and houses to collapse, slowed trains and also caused grave fears for the nine-ton motor fishing boat Elisabetta Morana, caught by the storm.

The centre of the gale hit the Messina Straits and the Lipari Islands, where earthquakes forced a great evacuation to the mainland last month.

The gale, helped by the rain, caused the collapse of the Moscati family's house, weakened by bombing in World War II. Rescuers found Pietro Moscati, 25, dead in the ruins and eight other members of the family injured.

KILLED BY TREE

In a suburban Palermo street, the wind blew a tree down on Domenico Annato as he was riding his motor scooter. It killed Annato instantly.

Firemen worked to clear wreckage from the streets and pump water out of flooded houses. In the village of Edire a ten-foot wall collapsed, injuring an aged couple.

Bad weather raged all over the toe of the Italian boot. Near Barletta, on the Adriatic coast, the raging Oranto torrent flooded several houses but no injuries were reported.

Near Potenza, a slow-moving landslide crushed several walls and threatened several farmhouses. Fierce hail storms damaged crops. — United Press.

**Police Officer
Remanded**

Nairobi, Feb. 4. George Horstall, 24-year-old Kenya Police Inspector, who was extradited from Britain yesterday, was remanded for 10 days on a perjury charge today.

The Magistrate, Mr E. S. Simpson, rejected his application for a completely fresh trial before a jury on the perjury charge, which arose from the trial of a Mau Mau suspect.

Horstall was arrested when he arrived in Britain last December. An extradition order was granted at the request of the Kenya Government and he arrived in Nairobi from London yesterday, escorted by two senior police officials. — China Mail Special.

**Lancashire Fears H.K.
Textile Competition**

Manchester, Feb. 4. Mr C. Henniker-Heaton, Director of the Master Cotton Spinners Federation said here today that the British cotton industry is threatened not only by low-priced imports from India but also by the mills of Hongkong.

Were rates in Hongkong, Mr Henniker-Heaton added, were only one-tenth of those in Lancashire.

Although imports of Hongkong cloth into Britain had not yet reached large dimensions, the textile industry there had a large supply of labour to draw on and the cloth could enter Britain duty free and in unlimited quantities — like that of India.

"We face a serious threat from Hongkong," he added.

Imports of Indian cloth will be the main subject for discussion when Lancashire textile leaders meet Mr R. W. Low, Minister of State of the Board of Trade here on February 15. — Reuter.

Was It About Formosa Situation?

**DIPLOMATS VISIT
MR MOLOTOV**

Moscow, Feb. 4. Envoys of Britain and India visited Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov at the Kremlin today in what was believed to be the start of a second phase of diplomatic efforts to solve the Formosa crisis.

The British Ambassador, Sir William Hayter and Indian Charge d'Affaires P. N. Kaul were received by Molotov in his office early this evening.

A British Embassy source said Sir William Hayter went to the Kremlin about 5.30 p.m. local time, but declined to say how long he stayed or what was discussed. Mr Kaul reported he was received by Molotov at about 6 p.m.

The close sequence of the visits caused speculation here that they were related. It was believed they involved a new attempt to solve the explosive Formosa situation.

The belief stemmed from London reports that both Britain and India favoured a new attempt to seek a ceasefire in Formosa.

It was also believed Russia might be more favourably inclined to use its good offices to influence Communist China to participate in ceasefire talks outside the United Nations than they were on the move to settle the matter within the UN.

Mr Kaul declined to disclose how long he stayed or to reveal what was discussed. — United Press.

**HONOURED FOR
BRAVERY**

London, Feb. 4. Three soldiers of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers have received the Queen's Commendation for bravery during the Commando raid on their barracks at Omagh, County Tyrone, last October, the London Gazette announced tonight.

The raiders were believed to be members of the outlawed Irish Republican Army.

Five Fusiliers were wounded, two of them seriously, during the 10-minute raid. — China Mail Special.

**TO SEEK U.S.
APPRAISAL**

London, Feb. 4. The British Commonwealth Prime Ministers decided here today to seek America's appraisal of the Formosa crisis as a prelude to any new move for breaking the deadlock.

Sir Winston Churchill and his Cabinet held a special session tonight to approve instructions for the British Ambassador in Washington and its chief United Nations delegate.

The Ambassador, Sir Roger Makins, is expected to seek an early meeting with Mr John Foster Dulles, as soon as the Secretary of State returns to Washington from his Bahamas holiday.

The immediate question is what action the Western Powers should take in the Security Council following Communist China's refusal to attend a ceasefire debate. Diplomatic sources said that most of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers hold that the debate should be shelved if the situation is not to deteriorate.

Tonight's Cabinet meeting was the forerunner of urgent weekend moves on Formosa outside the Commonwealth conference room, beginning with a conference tomorrow of Sir Anthony Eden with the Prime Ministers of India and Canada.

This conference has been called to discuss Indo-China, but the sources said that because of the urgency of the Far East crisis, Formosa would probably be the dominating topic.

Sir Anthony Eden, Mr Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, and Mr Louis St Laurent, Canada's Prime Minister, will be the chief figures at the meeting, to be held in the Foreign Office.

Mr Lester Pearson, Canadian Minister of External Affairs, and Mr Krishna Menon, India's representative at the United Nations, will sit in on the talks.

The meeting will be the first of an intensive round of behind-scenes discussions on Formosa among the leaders of the British Commonwealth here for a week-long conference on world affairs.

MAJORITY OPINION

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers at their morning session today briefly discussed the situation created by Communist China's refusal of the United Nations invitation to discuss a ceasefire.

Conference sources said the majority opinion among the Prime Ministers favoured a move to shelve the projected Security Council debate after a meeting to take formal notice of China's reply.

A New Zealand spokesman said tonight, however, that Mr Sidney Holland, his Prime Minister, who initiated the Security Council move, had not yet decided future action on it. It was essential first to consult the United States, he added.

URGENT CONSULTATIONS

Urgent Anglo-American consultations will in fact begin as soon as Mr John Foster Dulles, United States Secretary of State, returns to Washington this weekend from the Bahamas.

**Week-End
China Mail
Reading**

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:
P. 5: Another world's strangest story: "The Princess Who Wasn't" by Chris Baker-Carr; Giles.
P. 6: A. J. Forrest continues the Interpol series: "Secrets of International Crime": Anne Scott James throws a challenge to parents who send their sons to boarding school.
P. 8: Another chapter of "Hidden Mysteries of the Undersea Jungle" by Jean Foucher Cretau: Have a good cry and live longer. Chapman Pincher reports on the scientist's latest findings; William Hickey watches Yugoslav opera in London.
P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter writes on Princess Margaret's visit to the West Indies: "A Princess in the Sun".
P. 14: Richard Aldington tells Sydney Smith just why he debunked Lawrence of Arabia in his new book.

**No War
Confidence
In
Washington**

Washington, Feb. 4. High American officials said today that they still did not expect war between the United States and Red China despite menacing new Communist moves off Formosa and a "state of war" declaration by the Nationalist leader, Chiang Kai-shek.

These officials said flatly that they did not believe the Peking Reds "intend to risk war with the United States". They added, however, that the war risk would be eased if a ceasefire between the Reds and Nationalists could be arranged.

But the State Department doused cold water on behind-the-scenes moves for an international "Geneva-type" conference that would bypass the United Nations for "side-street" efforts to settle the Formosa crisis. The behind-scenes moves were spurred by Red China's refusal yesterday to attend UN ceasefire talks.

Red China and Russia were reported angling for such a conference to discuss not only the Formosa issue but other Far Eastern disputes, including the question of Communist China's admission to the United Nations.

Meanwhile, Red China rained shells on strategic Nationalist-held Quemoy Island just off the China coast, possible jumping-off point for an invasion of Formosa. Intelligence reports on Formosa indicated a powerful build-up of Communist forces along the mainland fronting Formosa.

Generalissimo Chiang, in public statement, said Formosa had entered a "state of war" and added that the day for "launching a counter-attack" on the China mainland is drawing near.

Diplomatic officials here, however, did not regard General Chiang's "attack the mainland" statement as forecasting any such imminent move by Nationalist forces. They pointed out that Chiang had promised to consult the United States before any such action and noted that this country was firmly opposed to a Nationalist attack on the mainland now. — United Press.

**New BEA
Strike Threat**

London, Feb. 4. The threat of a strike which would cripple most of their services, again loomed over the state-owned British European Airways last night.

The central figure is again Mr Jack Peters, the former shop steward at London Airport, over whom 315 engineers at the airport were sacked last December.

Peters appealed to Lord Douglas of Brixton, BEA's chairman, for reinstatement, but was turned down.

Last night, the local district committee of Mr Peters' union — the Amalgamated Engineering Union — and about 30 BEA shop stewards met to consider Lord Douglas's stand.

They passed a resolution "noting with disgust" that Lord Douglas had "magnanimously rejected the findings of a tribunal he himself appointed."

Unless Peters was reinstated, the resolution added, "we have no alternative but to withdraw our labour from BEA." — Reuter.

**SA Election
Warning**

Capetown, Feb. 4. Mr Jacobus Struys, Opposition leader in the South African Parliament, warned tonight that the next general election might have to be fought on a Republic issue.

He told a meeting of the United Party of Caledon in the Western Province: "Let me warn South Africa — with all the seriousness at my command that the next general election may have to be fought on a Republic issue — not because we will it but because the Nationalists have willed it so."

He asked "earnest but misguided people" who thought this was merely a hypothetical issue to take heed "lest they, through apathy and defeatism, participate in the betrayal of our country and our Commonwealth." — Reuter.

Making Progress

London, Feb. 4. The Duchess of Kent, who has influenza at her home in Iwer, Buckinghamshire, is making steady progress. — China Mail Special.

**Rebels Strike
Again**

San Jose, Costa Rica; Feb. 4. Rebel forces today attacked the Costa Rican village of Los Chiles just across the border from Nicaragua.

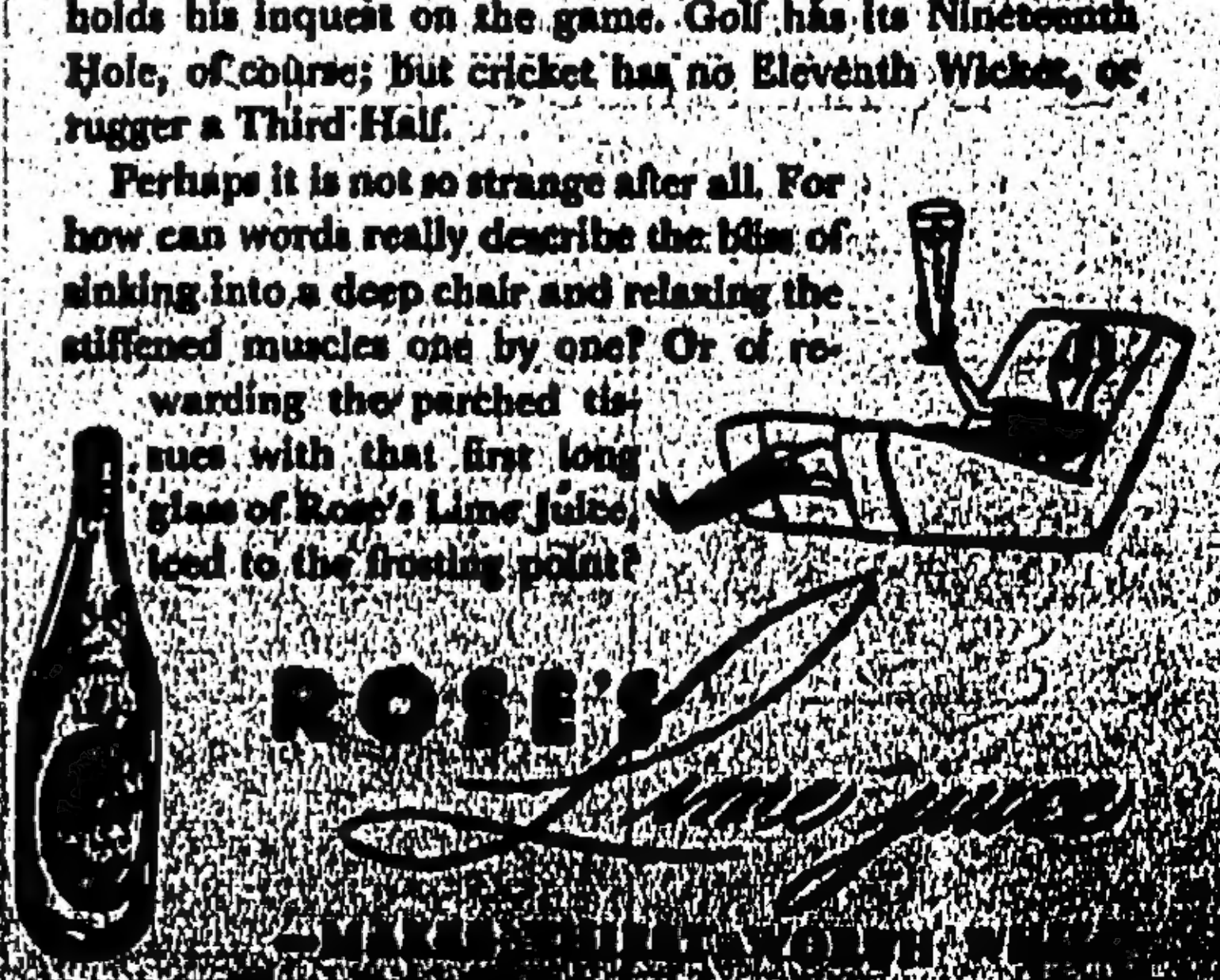
A local airliner, which had just landed at the Los Chiles airport, was seized by the rebels according to radio messages reaching here.

The village is practically unapproachable by land. — Reuter.

**Sequel to
Sport**

Evry sport has its special lingo, from polo to polo-vauling, from deck-tennis to squash. Yet stranger to say, there are few phrases to describe that pleasant part of all, when a man cools off in the clubhouse and holds his inquest on the game. Golf has its Nineteenth Hole, of course; but cricket has no Eleventh Wicket, or rugby a Third Half.

Perhaps it is not so strange after all. For how can words really describe the bliss of sinking into a deep chair and relaxing the stiffened muscles one by one? Or of rewarding the parched tissues with that first long glass of Rose's Lime Juice, led to the front point?



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FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

Capitol and Liberty: Showing—"Seven Brides For Seven Brothers". A musical. Howard Keel and Jane Powell.

Coming—"Tennessee Champ". Prize fighting and its exploiters. Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn, Dewey Martin.

Coming—"Gypsy Colt". A little girl and her pet horse. Ward Bond, Frances Dee, Donna Corcoran.

Empire: Showing—"Hawatha". North American tribal warfare in pre-Columbus days. Vincent Edwards, Yvette Dugay.

King's and Princess: Showing—"Johnny Dark". Car racing. Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don Taylor.

Coming—"Raisa Into Laramie". A western. John Payne, Dan Duryea, Mari Blanchard.

Hoover: Showing—"This Is My Love". A romantic drama. Linda Darnell, Rick Jason, Dan Duryea, Faith Domergue.

Coming—"Atomic Kid". A comedy. Marie Rooney.

Coming—"Phoochie". A Walt Disney full length cartoon.

Coming—"Madame Dubarry". Historical romance. Martine Carol.

New York and Great World: Showing—"Malaga". Smuggling and murder in Tangier. Maureen O'Hara, MacDonald Carey.

Coming—"They Who Dare". War-time mission to Greece. Dirk Bogarde.

Queen's and Alhambra: Showing—"The Violent Men". A western with some extra drama. Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck.

Coming—"Three For A Show". A musical adapted from a Maugham story. Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon, Marge and Gower Champion.

Roxy and Broadway: Showing—"Theodora, Slave Empress". Alleged incidents in the life of Justinian's Empress. Glenna Maria Canale, George Marchal.

Show business seems to be getting quite a boost recently in Hongkong. To add to our gathering collection of musicals, the latest is a Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon starrer, with the dancing Champions sharing top billing with them.

Betty Grable finds herself in the embarrassing position of having two fathers—Jack Lemmon and Gower Champion. It happened in the way it's quite possible for such things to occur; Lemmon has been reported as killed in the war, when in actual fact he's been married on a desert island. However, much as love with him she may have been, Betty Grable is hardly the type of person who would be likely to have remained single, and she's married again.

Home comes the rescued husband and the Courts decree that both husbands are legal. What a situation for any girl to find herself in! Naturally Betty makes the most of it and plays one off against the other in true feminine fashion. Before the hearts and flowers flourish you'll see some brilliant dancing, hear some amusing dialogue and be entertained by some very nice people.

FORMULA STUFF
"Raisa Into Laramie" as the title suggests, features that well known western standby, the railway-sorry, railroad. As you must know if you've attended upwards of six westerns in your life, not everybody favoured the horse's replacement. The more timid of its opponents contented themselves with disapproving glances at the railroad workers, while at the other end of the scale were the dynamiters, the killers and the rabble rousers.

Again, if you'll consult your formula, you'll find that those in favour of the railroad are inevitably good and its opponents bad. You've only got to find out early in the picture who is for it and who against it and you've saved the trouble of listening to the dialogue and making up your own mind about the ultimate fate of the characters.

Assent automatically registers good boy (or girl), ninety per cent likely to end up with their arms about a member of the opposite sex, driving ecstatically into the sunset. Opposition means villain, most likely to be succeeded to the next plot in the graveyard.

Bearing all this in mind, what are the odds on the running in "Raisa Into Laramie"? The favourite is John Payne. Tough, but with right on his side, he's a sergeant in the U.S. Army sent to clean up the town of Laramie and deal with the unscrupulous characters slowing up the building of the railroad.

His journey to that sunset exit it made more difficult for him by an ex-Civil War friend who turns out to be the chief slower-up. Dan Duryea is so used to roles of this type that he drifts through it quite happily, seemingly oblivious of the "equal" sign in the formula that rules that he must end up very dead, or at best, in gaol.

As she doesn't give her views on the railroad until later in the picture, Mari Blanchard slows us up in the beginning by making us waste time wondering on whose side she is.

I'll leave you that bit of mental energy.

In "The Atomic Kid" Mickey Rooney goes after fame the hard way. If getting blown up in an atomic experiment gains one fame, then personally I'd rather be Mr Nobody's sister.

Not so Rooney. After surviving one blast, he and Elaine Davis seem to be quite ready for another. Helping them in this farce is Robert Strauss (you may remember him as the rather revolting "Animal" of "Stalag 17").

"They Who Dare" is about a task force of six Englishmen and four Greeks, who, during

renowned Emperor Justinian floundered and vacillated in the way that George Marchal makes him. It's a surprise to me that his name has survived his life.

Glenna Maria Canale does her fair share of floundering too, but after her melodramatic cries of "revenge" she settles down to being a devoted wife with no doubts about her husband's fidelity. Husband Justinian, on the other hand, is willing to forget, at the drop of a hat, his wife's five years of wise counsel, love (declared at great stone bench profile, on a hard stone bench with a deep blue backdrop) and friendship, and take the word of the rascally John of Cappadocia against hers.

This gentleman's conspiratorial airs are about as subtle as a sledgehammer and wouldn't even fool a fact-finding commission. He successfully pulls the wool over Justinian's eyes though, and makes the man appear a cancelled playboy mouthing high-sounding phrases he doesn't understand.

Perhaps I'm being a little unfair, however, because the fault may lie in the doubling. Beautiful French or Italian sentences have been known to come out as "Gee Babe, you're swell" and it's possible that "Theodora, Slave Empress" is suffering from similar loose translations.

AN EXAMPLE
An example: Belisarius is waiting on the shore of the Bosphorus opposite Byzantium for Theodora's smoke signal, summoning him to bring his soldiers to the rescue of the Emperor. The camera switches to the little group who have been waiting for days for the first wisp of smoke. "Look, a signal," says a soldier excitedly to Belisarius.

The camera moves across the water to the suddenly-seen smoke signal. It's several hundreds of feet high and must have been visible even to the fish for several hours! Let's say the picture appears melodramatic and save the adverse criticism there. In its favour there's the indescribable beauty of Glenna Maria Canale, the richness and splendour of the costumes, the excellence of the Pathecolour and the loveliness of all the female extras.

And to that a moment of well-earned contrast coming at the end of the exciting chariot races. Theodora, representing the plebeians against the patricians, has just beaten Justinian. Dressed in a gorgeous shade of peacock green, her black hair streaming behind her, she's strained and lashed and taken round the dust-filled arena, almost willing her horses to win.

The wild excitement is climaxed with her victory, the tension is relaxed, the beaten contestants fall back and she slows her horses down to enter slowly up to the dais to be crowned. It's a breathtaking moment, surprising in its unexpectedness.

On Location

With the first day's shooting of "A Many Splendored Thing" completed the day before yesterday, Han Su Yin's book has begun to come to life.

For those who have read it and fancy they see themselves depicted in it, this has already happened, but for the masses of people all over the world who will see the completed picture without realising that many of the events in it actually occurred, the screen version will be the third dimension, giving a living quality to the figures they have created from their imaginations while reading the book.

Both of the principals are well known for the seriousness with which they approach their film parts, so we can rest assured that in the sudden popularity that Hongkong seems to be enjoying in the

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

CINEMASCOPE THE **VIOLENT MEN**
FORD - BARBARA STANWYCK
DIRECTED BY ROBINSON
TECHNICOLOR

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS

"The Violent Men"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE

AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA

AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
M-G-M's Technicolor
"THE TEXAS CARNIVAL"Esther Williams - Red Skelton
Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

EMPIRE

TO-DAY

AT 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

LONGFELLOW'S CLASSIC

HIYAWATEA
GREATEST WARRIOR OF THEM ALL
In All Its Natural Beauty and COLOR!
A WALTER BRUNICH Production Starring VINCENT EDWARDS
YVETTE DUGAY

ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

CHILDREN HALF-PRICE TO STADIUM & DRESS CIRCLE

RITZ SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

DANNY KAYE
Shoots the works in
the **Inspector General**
WARNER BROS. All-time Comedy Kopy
WALTER SLEZAK JERRY WALD HENRY KOSTER

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ORIENTAL
AIR CONDITIONED
WARREN BROS. BIG NEW TRIUMPH OF 1949!
ADVENTURES OF
ELLYN DON JUAN LINCOLN

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW, TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.
William Holden & Gloria Swanson in
"SUNSET BOULEVARD"

Announcement

THE NAME OF
THE ASIATIC PETROLEUM COMPANY (SOUTH CHINA) LTD.

has been changed to

THE SHELL COMPANY OF HONG KONG LTD.

you can be sure of Shell

THE SUN CANTONESE OPEKA COMPANY

團劇陽艷新

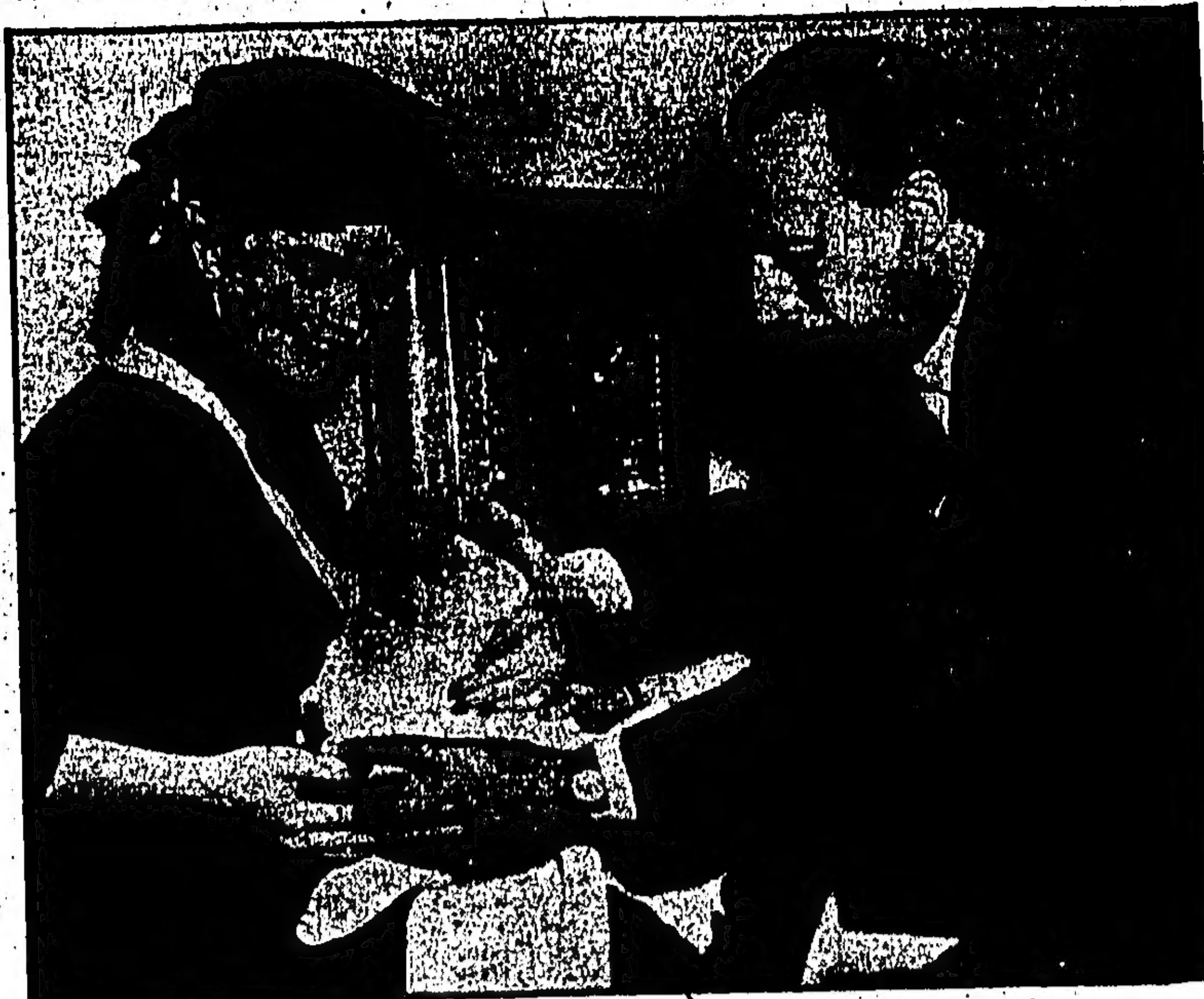
Players
Fong Yim-son, Tam Sze-hung, Chan Kam-tung
Au Yang-see, Mah Ping-ying, Pak Lung-choi

Evening Performance AT 8.00 P.M.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



JACK HULBERT, the actor, has opened a new cocktail bar at London's Grosvenor House. He is seen here on the left, pouring a drink from a jug bearing his likeness, which was presented to him by his friends to mark the occasion. (Express)



LEFT: Mrs. Mary Fletcher, 24-year-old former London police-woman who became a BOAC stewardess, has now given up flying for the stage. She is joining the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. (Express)

LOVELY British film actress Dawn Addams smiles as her husband, Prince Vittorio Massimo of Italy, gives a fatherly touch to their baby son. Dawn has just left the London nursing home where the baby was born. (Express)



BOXER Dai Dower takes time off from training to choose a wedding ring for his fiancée, Evelyn Trapp, at Pontypridd. They are to wed on February 12, four days after Dai's fight with Eric Marsden at Harringay for the British flyweight title.



MISS Emily Faircloth, 57, of London, pouring a cup of tea. Why is this so unusual? Because Miss Faircloth is totally blind and because she is also an active member of the Westminster Civil Defence unit. Despite her handicap she attends regular weekly training, and is often called out on exercises. (Express)



THE one man in England who dreads a thaw. This is 47-year-old Dr. Vivian Fuchs, leader of the 1955-57 British Trans-Antarctic Expedition, who is looking forward to anything from minus 40 degrees Fahrenheit — but not one degree warmer. "When it is really cold, he says, you don't feel the winds, but the least thaw makes you shiver." (Express)



THE River Arun has overflowed its banks south of Pulborough, in Sussex, where there have been extensive floods and roads have been submerged. Picture shows water flowing across the road between Greatham and Coldwaltham.



MARRIED at Caxton Hall, London, the other day was the man who does all the bookings for the Royal Family when they go to the theatre. He is Mr. W. R. Reynolds, aged 68. His bride is Mrs. Molly Fitzpatrick, 42, from Yorkshire. (Express)

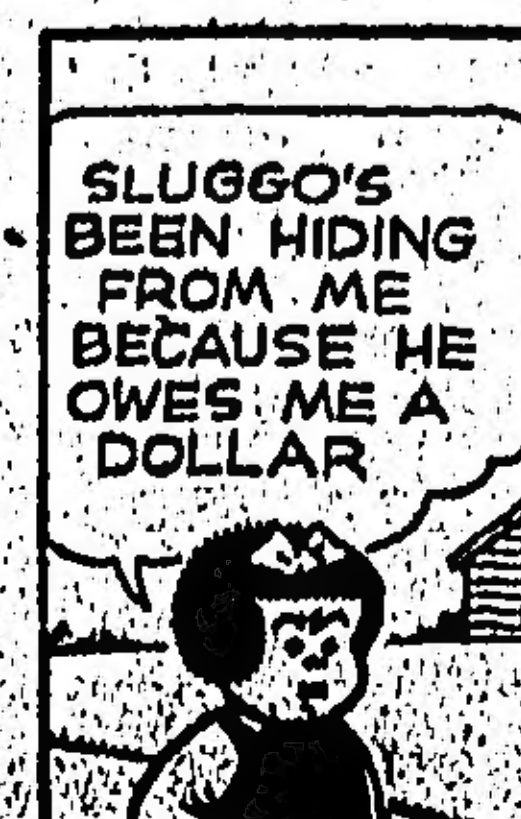


LEGLESS pilot Richard Fairey, seen with actress Frances Day at the River Club, London, is believed to have set up a record (1 hour 40 minutes) for learning to fly solo in a helicopter. He is the son of Sir Richard Fairey, head of the air-plane firm. (Express)

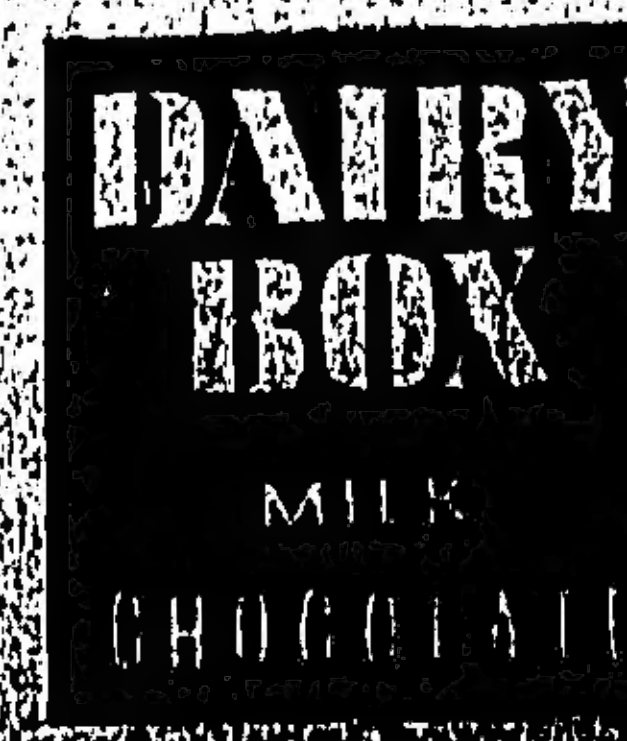


EVERY ship from the West Indies brings more immigrants to the United Kingdom. This cheerful group, wearing a variety of hat fashions, is pictured on arrival at Victoria Station, London. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller





"We MIGHT be in Regent's Park; he MIGHT have escaped from a circus; and you MIGHT learn to read a map one day, mightn't you, dear?"

London Express Service

THE LACK OF £5 ON APRIL FOOL'S DAY, 1817, LED TO ONE OF THE BIGGEST IMPOSTURES OF ALL TIME

The Princess Who Wasn't

By CHRIS BAKER-CARR

THERE have been thousands of impostors who have left behind them a pitiful trail of heartbreak, fraud and crime. But few can have been so strange and harmless, so honest and lovable as Princess Caraboo of Javasu.

The story begins—appropriately enough—on April Fool's Day, 1817. A pretty, plump girl with a round face, dark, merry eyes, black hair, and a laughing mouth walked along the quay at Bristol looking for the captains of three ships then in harbour.

She wanted, she said, a passage to America. Two turned her down, but the third said he was sailing in 15 days and would take her for £5. Five pounds—how was she to raise that vast sum?

Her impish sense of fun, never very far away, spurred her on to the start of the magnificent jape. It took only a moment to remove her bonnet and wind a shawl round her head like a turban. She decided to play the part of a destitute foreigner and beg for money.

She rearranged her clothes to give them an Eastern air, draping a red and black shawl loosely over the shoulders of her black dress and its little muslin collar. Then this almost illiterate girl of 25 began wandering from village to village. At Almondsbury she knocked at the parson's door.

Unintelligible

The overseer of the parish poor, mystified by the girl's strange language and her intriguing appearance, took her up to the big house, Knole Park. This was matter for Mr Samuel Worrall, a country magistrate.

Mrs Worrall tried talking to the girl, asking who she was and where she came from. It was useless. Her replies were a torrent of strange, unintelligible words. Mrs Worrall went so far as to accuse her of being a fraud and offered to keep the secret, give her money and clothes if she would confess. This, too, had no effect. The girl just kept repeating the word "Caraboo" while pointing to herself. That much, at least, was clear—her name was Caraboo.

A guest of somewhat dubious honour at Knole (her name, for dinner) that night, she refused to eat meat and drank nothing stronger than ana (water). The following day she was taken before the Lord Mayor of Bristol and several of the city worthies—and to no effect—and from there to St Peter's Hospital for vagrants and poor people. During her two-day stay she refused to eat anything. Mrs Worrall felt more and more sorry for the girl and took her away. From then on she lived in a room of her own at Knole Park.

Many acknowledged experts called there to see this enigma of a girl, only to retreat baffled and embarrassed by defeat, while newspapers up and down the country published columns of print about the mysterious foreigner. One man, however, seemed more of an expert than the others. He said he had travelled several times to the East Indies, that he knew most of the languages there and claimed he was an authority on customs and rituals. He even boasted that he knew every creek and harbour in that vast area.

This man spent a great deal of time closeted with Caraboo deciphering her language—in the process straining his imagination to its utmost, not to mention hers. Whether he honestly believed she was genuine we shall never know. Quite possibly he tumbled at once to such a delightful hoax and played along with Caraboo, getting as much enjoyment from it as she did herself.

Discovery

However, he announced his discovery that Caraboo was the daughter of a Congee (Chinese) of rank, and that her mother was a Maudin (Malay). He extracted the life story of this Princess of Javasu—for so the eager-believer "expert" persuaded her she must be.

But the panel of Oxford Dons who studied her vocabulary of about 100 words declared roundly that it was completely bogus. The servants at Knole, often though Caraboo might give herself away by talking in her sleep, and said so once within her hearing. That night she deliberately gave tongue in her Javasu jargon.

But her memory must have been phenomenal to enable her to use each Javasu word correctly every time—while her acting ability was beyond reproach.

Numerals she wrote in a strange, almost Chinese style



.....She wound a shawl round her head.... and became a Princess.

Caraboo cooked all her own food, preferring rice to bread, and loved extremely "hot" curry. On Tuesdays she fasted religiously and climbed to the roof of Knole to pray to her God, Allah Taliah.

A jocular parson called one afternoon. Caraboo was a fraud, he said, and he would unmask her.

"You are the most beautiful creature I ever beheld," he told her. "You are an angel." But not a blush came to her cheeks; not a tiny fawn muscle moved. The parson went home defeated.

But despite the success of her imposture, her worries were growing daily. Soon the men from India House would be down from London asking awkward questions, and she was frightened of being recognised on one of the many trips to Bristol she made with Mrs Worrall.

The strain became too great; on Saturday, June 8, she took to her heels once more.

Mrs Worrall supposed she had offended her darling princess and driven her away. Fearing that Caraboo had been heading for Bath this time, Mrs Worrall called for her carriage and arrived in the city the following afternoon. She found her Caraboo in one of the most fashionable houses.

Mrs Worrall demanded the true story of her life as well as her real identity.

So the miserable girl talked: she was Mary Willcock, a native of Wiltshire, Devon, and known in later years as Mrs Molly Baker. She had run away from home at the age of 16 and gone into service in Exeter. From there she drifted from job to job, and ended up in London, still working as a housemaid.

She stayed for a very short time in the Magdalen in Blackfriars Road. She left hurriedly on discovering it was, in fact, a home for "fallen" women. She took to the road once more, this time disguised as a page-boy for the journey to her Devon home. With a fresh supply of clothing she returned from Devon to London.

Disappointed

Where she found a "husband" is not certain: some people say it was in a Billingsgate bookshop; others in a field by the River Thames. Her lover was thought to have been a foreigner and the person responsible for her wide knowledge of Eastern custom. She taught herself to read and write in a rudimentary way during her eight years of wandering along the south coast of England.

At any rate, the man deserted her and went to France. Their child died, only a few months old, in a London foundling hospital. Disappointed and lonely, she took a coach to Devon, saw her family and set off for Bristol and the grand impersonation.

When Caraboo finished her confession Mrs Worrall promised to pay her fare to America.

A marquis, an earl and many linguists, physiognomists, craniologists and gipsies came to see her off.

Molly Baker, the one-time Princess Caraboo of Javasu, made one final (and her only solemn) promise: "I will return from America and ride through Bristol in my own carriage and four horses."

She was never seen or heard of again.

Recognised

But the princess was about to abdicate. Her former landlady had seen one of the many newspaper stories about the dark stranger. Mrs Neale immediately recognised her one-time lodger and produced such unshakable evidence of identity that poor Mrs Worrall could doubt no longer.

Princess Caraboo laid aside her bogus "crown" in a flood of tears and begged them not to send her to goal. In return

St Paul's Was Financed From Coal!

JUST two hundred and eighty years ago, Christopher Wren laid the first stone of London's present St Paul's Cathedral—the previous structure having been burned down in the Great Fire of 1666.

The work took 35 years, and the last stone was laid in the dome in 1710 when Wren was nearly eighty years of age.

Cost of this superb cathedral was £850,000—a huge sum in those days. Part of it was raised by public subscription. However, the greater portion was provided from a levy—ranging from 4s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per chaldron (36 bushels)—that was imposed on sea-borne coal.

Despite this compulsory contribution by coal towards the cost of the building, Wren was no lover of coal.

He regarded it as an enemy of all architects because of the smoke's injurious effects on masonry. And he campaigned for the prohibition of coal fires anywhere near the City of London. Otherwise, he declared, not only would the pristine cleanliness of the Cathedral's masonry be sullied but the smoke would actually attack the stone and hasten its decay.

Wren failed to gain his point, though he was only uttering, far in advance the plea for smokeless "coke" now frequently heard. Yet he could at least look riverside from St Paul's without seeing black smoke welling up from the shipping. The sea of steam at sea was still more than a century ahead.

Today, Wren shows how the world of 17th-century architects

After a full fifty years' service, another marine monument to coal that has become a familiar Thames landmark is to disappear.

This is the coal hulk Aramis, at one time the Great Eastern Railway's paddle-steamer, Lady Tyler, which for half a century has been moored off Gravesend as a coal depot for local tugboats.

Until comparatively recently there were many similar hulks dotted along the Thames estuary—fine ships with international reputations reduced by age to the ignominious role of floating coal scuttles for chugging tugs. However, today, like the coast-going ships they serve, are being converted to oil-burners. The hulks, straining to their full capacities, are no longer needed as coal depots and are being towed to the breaker's yards—manuscript destination of the Aramis.

There is no doubt that oil-burners—which now power some 80 percent of the world's mercantile marine—has made big ports vastly cleaner places. The clouds of coal dust that at one time billowed over major bunkering depots made life unpleasant for residents of the neighbourhood, especially when a strong wind was blowing.

Certainly, Wren would have supported any trend that promised cleaner air. Discreetly, however, he would surely have rejoiced to see the Aramis make her last journey to the scrapyard. Indeed, he would have been as enthusiastic a supporter of the Clean Air Bill as its opponents could be.

Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom. Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time. It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention. It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.



After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, brought up by divers, was found to be still showing the right time! (The original letter of Professor Carlo can be inspected at the Rolex office, 18 rue du Marche, Geneva.)



This Rolex Oyster Perpetual is similar to the one in the story. Permanently waterproof in its Oyster Case, it gives perfect accuracy by the Perpetual self-winding "rotor." The Rolex Red Seal identifies every Rolex chronometer.

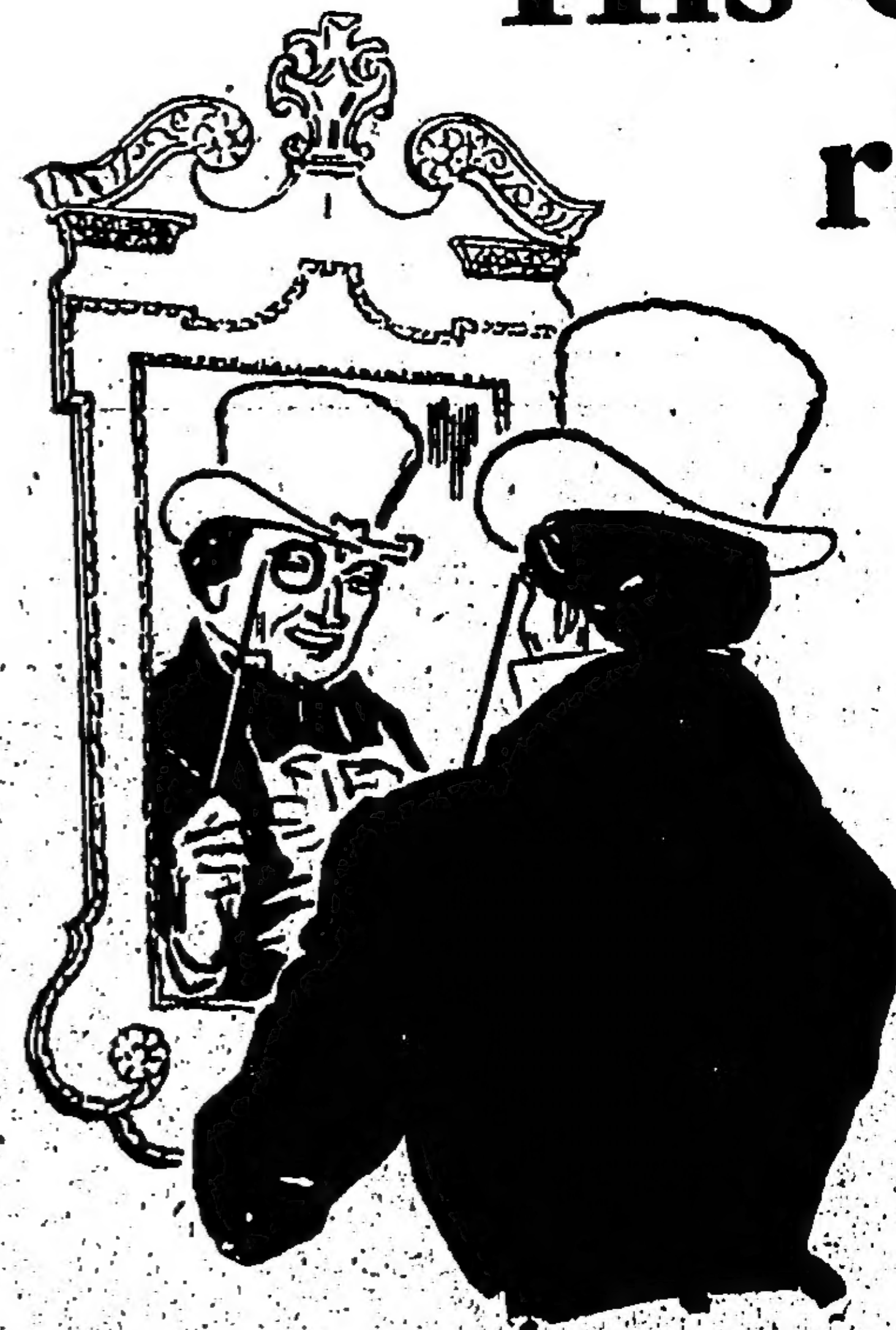
ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

ROLEX Chronometer—Official Timepiece of Panagra Airlines

RX-19

His only rival



BORN 1820
STILL GOING
STRONG

Johnnie Walker

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



Johnnie Walker & Co., Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland

AMERICA COLUMN

from
NEWELL ROGERS

Dial Your Menu, Madam

New York. HOUSEWIVES dial their menus in a "dream kitchen" on show in New York as the "kitchen of tomorrow."

It looks like a pink and plum-coloured executive suite.

There is a desk at one side where the housewife can plan her menus and answer the telephone without touching it. She waves a hand over the telephone and breaks a ray which makes the telephone "live."

The refrigerator doors slide up and down with the pressure of a finger, and the glass oven doors slide down like a car window at the touch of a button.

And the oven has a small screen on to which recipes are projected in colour. Instead of buying a cookery book, housewives will buy recipe microfilms. Then they dial the recipe they want and it is projected on the screen.

GILBERT ROLAND, the film actor, said that he and Guillemina Cantu, of Mexico City, were married last month at Yuma, Arizona.

Roland, who is 49, was once married to Constance Bennett. Miss Cantu is 29. It is her first marriage.

A COCK crowed in Harlem, the Negro and Puerto Rican quarter of New York. Waiting detectives heard it. They saw it was the signal that an illegal cockfight had started in a basement on West 126th Street.

Twenty-six men were arrested. The Puerto Ricans brought cockfighting in from their tropical Caribbean island.

THE Right Reverend Horace W. B. Doneyan, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, bans bingo (house-house) from all his parishes.

Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches sponsored the gambling game for hundreds of players as a church charity. And professional gamblers "muscle" in.

The State Legislature is about to pass a law to legalise the game for charities only.

FEES demanded by Hollywood stars for commercial TV shows have tripled in six months, complains TV casting director Ethel Winant.

Miss Winant adds that a 10,000-dollar star now not only demands this sum, but also free return trips to New York "for himself, wife, three little ones, and a nanny."

THINGS the statisticians find out: The average U.S. honeymoon lasts 12 and 4-10th days. And costs \$301.

BEGINS TODAY:

Bluff was My Armour

by ROLF MAGENER

IT was at Saharanpur station that we first saw the red-banded caps of the Military Police. British Military Police! The sweat of fear trickled down our foreheads.

The front of the station was alive with soldiers. Sturdy Gurkhas with short, curved kukris at their sides, tall Punjabis and freckled Tommies were standing about.

We stood there dazed. We were right in the middle of the shouting, pushing crowd. We wore the same khaki uniform. But at any minute our bluff could be called.

For we were men on the run. Two Germans.

This was wartime. It was a hot May morning in India in 1944. A few days before we had been two German prisoners in a British camp in Dehra Dun, in the foothills of the Himalayas.

Beside me—Rolf Magener—was Heins von Have. And we were within a train ticket of liberty.

Our principal weapon was bluff. But we also had a deep knowledge of the English character. It was our fundamental belief that the less you said about yourself in the company of the English the more they accepted you and therefore, the safer you were.

We both spoke flawless English. And we had a plan. It was a crazy plan, perhaps, but we were confident we could go through with it.

We were going to cross India by bus and train. Then we were going to walk through the Burma jungles to the Japanese lines.

Walked out!

FANTASTIC? Well, no more so than our escape story. Dressed in our British khaki we had just walked past the sentries and the sergeant-major at the camp.

At the gate Heins stopped as we showed. He unrolled a sheet of tracing paper which he tapped with his sticks. Then we loudly and excitedly discussed some mythical plans for new buildings.

The sentry took it for granted that if we acted in this fashion we must be English officers. Our first bluff had worked.

We just strolled out—to freedom.

We had unbounded confidence in our magic weapon of bluff. But much depended on our impeccable performance as Englishmen. In appearance we both came up to the mark. Heins had spent years in Malaya and spoke excellent English. Soldiers' slang and common phrases were quite familiar to us.

In case we should drop into German from carelessness or excitement, we decided always to speak English to each other.

Finally, we had fake proofs of identity made out by ourselves to the last detail—even to certificates of vaccination.

Heins's were made out in the name of Harry F. Lloyd. Mine

was in that of John Edward Harding. My wife's name was Enid Iris, nee Thomson, resident in Calcutta.

She was a worthless baggage. That was the excuse for my journey to Calcutta—in case I were asked for it. It was to deal with the break-up of our marriage owing to her loose behaviour.

We were confident that the mere mention of these painful matters would deter any Englishman worthy of the name from making tactless and unfeeling inquiries.

Our military background presented peculiar difficulties. Dressed in our British khaki we were to answer questions about our regiment, our depot, and the name of our commanding officer?

Fortunately we had discovered, in an English illustrated periodical which found its way into the camp, some groups of regimental officers in India, giving the name of the regimental association as well as the names of the officers. All of which we committed to memory.

In the matter of dress we were fairly well off. British officers

would never have taken me for a British soldier.

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Such a worthless baggage. That was the excuse for my journey to Calcutta—in case I were asked for it. It was to deal with the break-up of our marriage owing to her loose behaviour.

We were confident that the mere mention of these painful matters would deter any Englishman worthy of the name from making tactless and unfeeling inquiries.

THE WAR STORY WITH A DIFFERENCE—THIS TIME THE BRITISH ARE THE HUNTERS

Escape!—and we dine with the enemy

Time began to move. We ordered supper. When it came it included beer.

Then I almost gave a shout of joy.

She went softly past and sat down at a table near us. It was the first white woman we had seen for years!

She had the milky skin of a red-haired beauty, and her eyes—saw later they were greenish—were full of warmth to their depths. She seemed to make poetry of the very air.

"Don't upset the table in your enthusiasm," Heins said, rather damply.

"My boy, it's a great moment," I said, feigning my unaccustomed eyes on the lovely apparition.

And it really was an event to be aware of a woman's presence after years of raw, male existence behind the wire, where the absence of women had been not only one insult, the more but a calculated torture.

We were thankful to provide for sparing us any disillusionment. She was no discredit to her sex and breed. That was assuredly a good omen. Evidently, for whom all hangs on chance, grow superstitious and signs and portents.

For us, who had been shut away in darkness, all this seemed like an overdose of life—trains roaring past, strange faces, children, white tablecloths, service, bright red lips.

Such thronging life raised us to a higher level of existence. When at last the express thundered in we were in the best of form and would have had it out, if necessary, with the Devil himself.

By ten o'clock we were approaching Lucknow. As we ran in I had a presentiment that trains would be checked there. So I retired to the lavatory to wash and shave.

When the train stopped I was surveying my lathered face in the glass. Suddenly something occurred which went through me like red-hot needles. I distinctly heard a voice say: "Gentlemen, your passes, please."

Military police in our compartment! I went limp. In a few seconds I would be hustled out of my temporary retreat, arrested, and hauled back to camp in handcuffs.

Again I saw my face. It was distorted, and my soap-splashed lips quivered as though trying to form words.

And then, as though a hand from on high had averted the inevitable, I heard: "Thank you, gentlemen. Good morning."

I could not believe my ears. The danger was undoubtedly past, but how had Heins managed it? After a pause I ventured to open the door. There was Heins, rather pale, but composed.

He told me later he had seen the M.P. approaching our carriage along the platform.

There was no time to get out and mix with the crowd, and to have got out on the other side of the track would have aroused suspicion immediately.

Sleep in our case was not to be thought of. The anxiety lest an inspection of passes might take place at the next station and the presence of British officers all made us restless. We marked every movement of the two Englishmen through the slits of our closed eyes.

The pilot suddenly woke up. An Indian had lain down on his feet and now started up at a kick. I could see only the whites of his eyes and their expression of a beaten hound. After stammering his excuses, he stood in the middle of the compartment like a schoolboy who had been punished.

The pilot met my eyes and held out his cigarettes. "They're so damped submissive. And the worse off it is, it works!" I nodded in assent.

"Don't stare there. Lie down again," he told me.

We smoked our cigarettes and said no more.

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PASSES, PLEASE!

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drawing by ROBB

The lieutenant ordered breakfast for four at one of the stations. A boy brought tea, eggs, rolls, and fruit along to our compartment. The Englishman insisted on treating us.

He could only sit still and let catastrophe run its course.

The Englishman produced a whole sheaf of documents besides which our pay books would have made a very paltry show. Just as the M.P. was turning to Heins, who was now resigned to capture, the lieutenant hastily produced another pass, and, with a wave in Heins' direction, said: "And this is my batman."

The M.P. gave Heins a fleeting glance, saluted, and went out without another word.

He must have taken Heins for the batman. There was no other explanation.

There was a batman, but he was an Indian who was travelling in another coach. And it was in his direction that the lieutenant was waving his hand.

It took a long time to get the fright out of my bones. It was all very well to have escaped the clutch of the provost marshal—but would chance come to our help a second time?

The rule, dropped sleepily as the train held on its undeviating way across the plains. The evening fires were alight in the villages when the train stopped at the station where we were to dine.

We walked to the small station building with the lieutenant and the pilot, who took his heavy automatic with him.

There was a crowd at the bar, where flasks were being filled with gin. A waiter led us to our reserved seats at a table, where a major and a captain, both Englishmen, were already seated.

We sat down in a stupor beside the two from our carriage. The meal began in silence.

We are never likely to forget our table companions. The major looked stern and thoroughly dangerous—sharp features, black hair, and penetrating blue eyes. The captain looked as though the war might have interrupted his studies at Oxford or Cambridge.

These two sat opposite us, our train companions covered our flank, and all round the main

body threatened in overwhelming numbers.

Complete encirclement. We were alone in the midst of the enemy protected only by the flimsiest of camouflage. If our table-companions only knew with whom they were having dinner!

We felt suffocated at the thought and dared not look up from our plates. A large drop of sweat fell from my forehead on to my as yet unfolded napkin. The air felt charred.

Then we caught it. The major started up over the cheese, mercifully with the lieutenant first. Where was he going? Ah! To Calcutta. His voice was like thin steel.

Before he could proceed to further interrogation, the stationmaster came in to request all passengers to take their seats in the train. We bowed coolly to the table and hurried out.

SECRETS OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME

Fig Pips Clue Caught The Brutal Killer

By A. J. FORREST

INTERPOL maintains a pool of highly specialised police information, and is thus able to keep member states well informed about the latest laboratory devices for fighting crime.

Secondly, relying on "fool-proof" alibis, now find them smashed by laboratory experts who are concerned only with facts as deducible from the evidence before them. Teeth, for example, afford a permanent means of identification.

In Britain, under the National Health Service, dentists record their patients' teeth on Ministry of Health charts. These can serve Scotland Yard as a subsidiary recognition index, as trustworthy and more enduring than any fingerprint system.

While a desperate criminal can sandpaper out his fingerprints, he will scarcely treat his teeth so harshly. Even Haigh, the acid bath killer, who put one of his victims, elderly Mrs Durand-Deacon, into a 45-gallon tub in his builder's yard at Crawley, West Sussex, and soaked her in sulphuric acid, could not destroy her false teeth. When retrieved, they were recognised by the dentist who supplied them to her.

"Voice Box" Detector

In 1941, a man named Dobkin, caretaker and fire-watcher at a Baptist church in Vauxhall, London, disposed of his wife when she was pressing him for arrears under a maintenance order. She walked out into a blitz and disappeared, poor woman — so he told relatives and friends.

But in July of the following year, a party of workmen demolishing the wrecked church discovered in its cellar an obviously man-made as opposed to bomb-engineered grave. And whoever had painted a body here desired, it seemed, not merely to camouflage the burial but

to banish all evidence of identity.

The hair had been removed and other distinguishing features obscured. But police scientists soon established that the victim concerned was a woman aged 45 to 50, about 5ft. 1in. tall, who had brown hair, visibly greying, and suffered from a tumorous growth internally. These details tallied exactly with those of Dobkin's missing wife, but alone they were green figs. The presence of fig pips furnished a vital clue. Only one garden in the district supported a tree bearing such fruit. Its owner was interrogated.

Confronted by cool-headed detectives he confessed. He had, according to his admission, noticed the girl in his garden, led her to his fig tree and, while playing her with some choice specimens, had turned on her in a fit of mad fury and killed her.

Police laboratories in several countries are now using a loudspeaker electrical device to detect banknote and documentary counterfeits.

When paper is intact and considered throughout its texture. It is a bad conductor of electricity. But, if there is a single letter creased or a forger's tampering with a figure, its conductivity is greatly increased and the loudspeaker "voice box" raises its pitch to a querulous note.

By the loudspeaker's varying notes the investigator can reach the pitch of maximum intensity — the very spot on the paper's surface that indicates the counterfeiter's handwriting.

The experts have been fooled, of course, but rarely twice, and seldom for long. A trafficker in nylon stockings, caught red-handed in Munich, begged the police, as they arrested him in



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his living room, for permission to telephone his wife, then staying, he alleged, with a friend. The detective nodded assent.

As he went to the phone, the crook drew out a notebook, pretended to search for his wife's telephone number, but instead ripped out a page, crumpled it into a ball, and swallowed it. "That's all I wanted to do," he announced, proud of his deception.

"Call up the Scientific Institute," barked the senior officer, "and ask if anything can be done to retrieve this paper from Heinrich V—a stomach." The expert's reply was negative. "The stomach acids," he said, "would quickly dissolve the paper. But you might let us have a look at the accused's notebook."

His or "Her" Prints?

By patient treatment, forensic scientists made visible the lines his writing had made on the page next to the one torn out and were able to reveal in full detail what the criminal wished to conceal: the surname, town and telephone number of his accomplice.

The poison pen specialist reports to all sorts of handwriting disguises. One neurotic finger aspired to cheat detection by first writing out her messages in plain letters. She used no ribbon, merely her machine's stencil. Then she inked in the letters, so concealing, she supposed, the typewriter's distinctive characteristics, and masking her own handwriting.

But specialists photographed not the front, but the back of her poison pen missives. The resultant picture gave very accurate evidence of certain peculiarities in the typewriter used. The machine was traced, and the splinter confronted with her wickedness.

Scotland Yard was once temporarily at a loss when its experts detected two identical sets of fingerprints. One set purported to belong to a woman, the other to a male offender.

But it turned out that the two criminals were one and the same person.

At the first offence, when "her" prints were taken, the offender had been disguised as a woman—and undetected. But having committed his second offence in his true male colours, this rascal gave the Yard's fingerprint department first a shock, then a good laugh.

Just as walls as fingerprints are the individual scratch patterns left on a bullet and a cartridge case when fired from an individual revolver.

In June, 1949, a London housekeeper, forty-year-old Elizabeth MacLindon, was

The FULL, authentic inside story of INTERPOL, the organisation which fights international crime all over the world, which has been the means of bringing thousands of criminals to justice. Written with the complete co-operation of the staff of INTERPOL.

found murdered in Chester Square. Her assassin, creeping on her from behind, had shot her neatly through the head while she relaxed in her sitting-room. When the police opened her locked door, she had been dead about five days.

They immediately recovered the spent bullet and shell case fitting a .32 calibre, Eley-pattern, automatic pistol. Their suspicions fastened on a certain Arthur Boyce who had been, inquirers disclosed, contemplating a bigamous marriage with this woman. He had shared lodgings in London with a man legally entitled to possession of a .32 pistol.

When Boyce asked to borrow it, the owner refused. Then shortly afterwards the owner found it missing from his kit. Feeling certain that Boyce had taken it, he reported its loss to the police. Fortunately, he had kept a spent cartridge case, using it as a spoon on which to wind some tape.

Same Weapon

Arrested, Boyce denied all knowledge of the crime, even though some workmen had seen him cleaning or testing such a pistol. The pistol itself was never discovered. Boyce probably threw it into the sea. But such a subterfuge availed him nothing.

For Mr Churchill, the celebrated ballistics expert, having compared microscopically the two cartridge cases, showed beyond any doubt that both had been fired in the same weapon — the weapon used by the murderer to kill Elizabeth MacLindon. This fact, plus other circumstantial evidence, convinced an Old Bailey jury of Boyce's guilt. Sentenced to death, no reprieve was allowed him.

Next Week: Fiction Writer Was Modern Real-life Pirate

THE ITALIAN POLICEMAN'S LOT IS A HAPPY ONE... NO POUNDING OF A LONELY BEAT IN "THE SMALL HOURS" FOR HIM. HE ENJOYS A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP—THOUGH NOT BY COURTESY OF THE BURGLARS' UNION!

When It's Night-Time In Old Italy

THE "PRIVATE ENTERPRISE" POLICE TAKE OVER

By BERNARD RONALD

Milan. It does no night duty is a rarity in most countries. Not so in Italy. For, believe it or not, 80 per cent of the helmeted, cocked-hatted and soft-capped members of Italy's huge but far from uniformly clad "polizia" climb contentedly into bed round about 11 p.m. — just like you and I.

This is not because Italian burglars have a union rule that prevents them working at night. The regular police sleep soundly because commercial undertakings take over at night with an army of private policemen. Of course, if you want your flat, shop, office or factory watched by the "private enterprise" policemen during those long nocturnal hours, you have to pay for this protection.

That is considered fair enough in Italy, where Latin logic says it is better to pay up than be "cleaned out" through relying on providence — and not on the private police — to keep thieves away from your property.

All Big Towns

The commercial "vigilante" service operates in all the big Italian towns like Milan, Rome and Turin. In Milan (population 1,300,000) the "Vigilance Institute," as the organisation is called, has a force of 450 uniformed, pistol-packing men who keep a night watch on the goods and chattels of 40,000 subscribers.

Its boss is elegant, chain-smoking Biagio Argenziano, who prefers natty suits to uniforms, though he holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He laughed when I asked him why so many regular police pounded Italian pavements by day but not by night.

"Maybe it is because so many people go on strike. Disturbances happen during the day, when workers or political groups stage demonstrations for this and that, and large numbers of Carabinieri and Security Police have to be on call."

Pistol Fights

I said: "But your private police force works only at night?"

He continued: "Oh, yes, we specialise in protecting people's property. And there are a lot of thieves about after dark. We have a few men who do day duty like guarding banks, escorting cashiers taking money to and from the banks, or acting as bodyguards to people who have received threatening letters. But the great majority of my policemen are on regular night patrol. They all have their 'beats,' a bicycle and a Beretta pistol."

"They are supervised by sergeants who are answerable to a vice-commandant. The city is divided into five separate zones with stations in each under the command of the vice-commandant."

"My policemen have powers to arrest anyone they find breaking in to premises. But they must immediately phone in the regular police headquarters so that the State police will formally take the offender into custody. We are not empowered to arrest persons on suspicion."

I asked whether they did much shooting with their Berettas.

"We had pistol fights with armed robbers from time to

time soon after we founded the force in 1947. Those were the very troublesome days that followed the upheaval of the war. But the situation today is much calmer. Armed hold-ups are more infrequent and my men do not often have to cope with gunmen."

"Thieves today try to pull off warehouse coups quietly and quickly, backed up with fast motor-cars. But we have our own 'Flying Squad' ready to roar into action — leather-jacketed motorcyclists on 100 mph Gilera. Last year, four gold medals were awarded to my men by the Italian Automobile Association for recovering stolen cars."

What sort of a man is the "private" policeman? Well, he must be tall, strong, athletic and a reasonably good scholar. He must not be over 30 on recruitment. And he must have a clean conduct sheet. Requirements are stiffer than those for entry into the regular police force, which usually recruits its uniformed men from the agricultural south.

What It Costs

Pay is higher in the "private police" than it is in the State force. "We pay our men more because they live at home and do not get free board and accommodation like the barracks-based regular police," I was told.

How much do the Milanese pay for "private protection?" Six shillings a month if they want their front doors inspected two or three times each night. Three shillings and sixpence an hour if a patrolman has to punch a factory clock at more frequent intervals. More if a fixed guard is kept on property.

Nearly every shop of any importance in Milan subscribes to the service. So do the principal banks. The huge Milan trade fair pays out a huge sum each year for "private" police protection.

As a prosperous, growing commercial enterprise, the motto of the "Vigilance Institute" might well be: "Crime does not pay, but preventing crime certainly does."

ANNE SCOTT JAMES throws a challenge to parents

Barbarian? Perhaps I Am...Since I'm Sending My Son To Boarding School

NOW that I've done it, I don't like it. I think it is barbarous and unnatural to send our sons away to boarding schools at the tender age of eight or nine.

A boy of eight may seem, at home, quite independent, competent, and tough. He has his own friends, likes to get away from his family, and fights for all the freedom he can win.

But he is very fond of his family, just the same. Suddenly he is removed from them, not for a limited spell, but for two-thirds of the year for the rest of his childhood.

No point

HE may be a good mixer and may like his school immensely. (I am not thinking of the nervous, super-strung child who is a misfit in a crowd.) But just the same he is going to suffer agonies of homesickness. He is going to fight back the tears night after night as he thinks of his family at home. What, on earth is the point of putting little boys through this ordeal? I can see none at all. Much better to send them away at 17. If you want to, when they are boys, not children.

But I would prefer to wait longer, till they are of Army or university age.

You say it teaches them independence? A normal boy with sensible parents will be quite independent enough, thank you, without having to be sent away from home. The sense of adventure is inborn.

Too young

IT teaches them physical toughness? Surely they could learn this in a short, compressed training, say, at an annual summer camp. Other nations can produce hardy men without taking 10 years over the job.

It teaches them to cope with unhappiness... gives them a second skin? All I can say is, eight is too young for hardening up; 17 would be soon enough. And I doubt if trouble is a thing you can train for. Often, the people who have led happy lives cope best with disaster when it comes.

It gets them away from doing mother's work? None of the mothers I know have the time or the money to coddle their children. We scramble through family life at racing speed, just doing the best we can. I usually have one hand on the telephone while the other absent-mindedly steers a rickety school car. It's a crooked life. No chance of a mother-Sister there.

It produces winners of wars and leaders of men? Perhaps you've got something there. The "public school spirit" is, I believe, a profound and genuine impetus to leadership and courage.

But need the school be a boarding school? Field-Marshal Montgomery himself was a day boy at St Paul's.

And do we want a Spartan race of dead-pan, cold-bath heroes? Speaking as a woman, they are rather a bore. Your English boarding school boy grows up into the most undomesticated animal in the world, terrified of women, bored with the things that interest women, happiest at his club.

Not much fun

ANOTHER argument against boarding: the boy himself is not the only person to consider. He is one of a family.

It's not much fun for parents having some who are away from them eight months out of 12.

And what about the other children left at home? Now that most families are small (the average has 2.5 children), it seems silly to "shrink" them still further by breaking them up.

It is hard luck on daughters in the "left-behind" family. But the "left-behind" family is not the only one.

there are only two children, when the elder goes to boarding school, the second child becomes virtually an only child.

A wild rush

AND what a mess the holidays become when children are at boarding school! The year staggers gladly between the strict routine of term-time and a wild rush of pleasure in the holidays because each holiday (especially near the end) has an atmosphere of emancipation leave, the children demanding, and the parents conceding, all sorts of luxuries and excesses.

If they were at day schools, the pattern would be more regular, the holiday excitement would be less intense, and the household would be far, far easier to run.

Yes, I did it with my eyes open, but I'm sorry about it now. If I were choosing all over again I'd have the children at day schools, though it would mean a battle with my husband.

NOT because I want to know what they're up to—I'm sure they're all right. NOT because I want to keep them under my wing—I'm the worst child minder in the world.

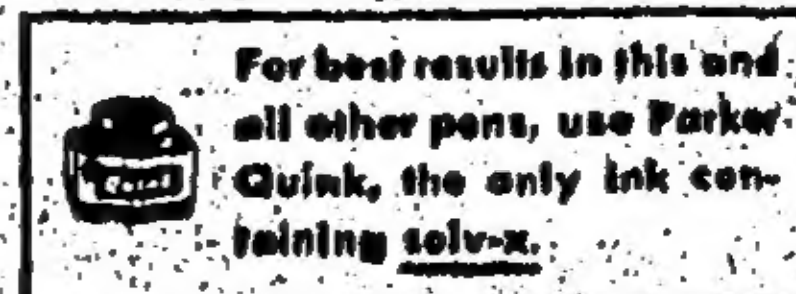


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HIDDEN MYSTERIES OF THE UNDERSEA JUNGLE (4)

Nightmare Monster And
The End Of A Legend

By JEAN FOUCHER CRETEAU

THE natives along the Red Sea coast thought we were mad. At first they wouldn't have anything to do with our plan to seek, to film and catch that so-called Devil of the Deep—the giant manta ray.

And you couldn't really blame them. Not if you knew that terrifying spectacle of a manta ray.

Weighing anything up to three tons, it "flies" through the water like some nightmare, dolphinned bomber. Sometimes it has a "wing-spread" of over 24 feet. Always it moves with its vast mouth wide open, ever-ready to engulf everything in its path.

Often several small pilot fish can be seen swimming serenely and safely within the huge mouth? They are probably there for the same reason as the birds which perch inside the jaws of crocodiles, picking out decayed food from between the teeth.

The fear of the natives for the giant manta is understandable. They believe that this great fish is liable to rise to the surface and overturn any small ship or boat in its way.

There is no doubt that many a boat has been upset by these creatures, though I do not think their attacks are vicious. A more likely explanation is that the fish, by rubbing on the boat, is trying to rid itself of irritating parasites which have fattened on its back.

Another legend among the natives is that the manta is liable to clutch anchor hawser in the huge horns on its head and drag small vessels out to sea, dashing them to destruction on the coral reefs.

There again the likely explanation is that the manta ray, by scraping against the hawser, is trying to rid itself of the sea lice which infest its horns.

For a third native legend, there is no basis of truth whatever. It is that the manta carries its human victim to the sea-bed and there settles over him like a great suffocating cloak.

AWE-INSPIRING

I would be the last to pour scorn on the natives for such strange beliefs. However, almost unmitigated, though I believe the manta ray to be, it is certainly an awe-inspiring creature.

One of its tricks is to lie on the surface of the sea, sunning itself. In that position only the extremities of its wings and body are visible, and they resemble the fins of a group of sharks. Only when trying to steer their boats among these "sharks" do the natives discover that it is, in fact, one enormous fish.

Sometimes, particularly in the Pacific, 50 or 100 mantas move about together like a phantom armada. Playfully they keep two or three yards into the air, and when they strike the water again the impact can be heard several miles away.

It is supposed that this leaping out of the water may not be simply an expression of the sheer joy of living. Possibly the mantas use these tactics to stun and catch small fish so that they can feed on them the more easily.

But even beneath the waves the manta is a playful creature. Flapping its wings like a huge and graceful bird, it will perform the most extraordinary evolutions, sometimes looping-the-loop as neatly as any aircraft in the skies.

So it was after a good deal of argument that we managed, at last, to persuade some natives to accompany us in our ancient motor-boat, the Lucia, in search of the Devil of the Deep.

The sea is perfectly calm. The sun is shining brightly. We are all in high spirits. We have been under the guidance of our native guide.

The Red Sea natives thought Creteau and his companions were mad when they wanted to catch a giant manta ray. There was a legend that this Devil of the Deep, which sometimes weighs up to three tons, drags its victims to the ocean bed and there crushes it to death.

But Creteau and his friend Raymond Guerin were to destroy that legend by actually battling a manta ray and coming out alive.

This fourth instalment of his thrilling serial describes the terrific drama below the waters.



Raymond Guerin set up a world record for underwater sport with the capture of this manta ray, weighing 1,000 pounds.

Suddenly, one of my companions shouts, "Sharks!" and points ahead. Our helmets, Mohammed, extending his arms excitedly, tries to explain that these are very big specimens.

At once we give the order for the engine of the Lucia to be stopped and within seconds, to the amazement and evident despair of our crew, all of us plunge overboard.

As soon as I am under the surface, I look around and can hardly believe my own eyes. There, on my right, is an enormous "bird," with two great wings, moving powerfully and ponderously up and down in the movements of flight.

From its head protrude two enormous antennae. Its mouth held wide open and, enlarged by the magnification of the water, seems large enough to engulf a motor-car.

I am so astonished, so fascinated, that I forget to operate my cine camera.

STRAIGHT AT ME!

The monster is only three yards away and coming straight towards me. I have the impression that nothing can stop me floating down past those gaping jaws, past the hovering pilot fish, into its stomach.

At the very last moment, when I have given up all hope for myself, the creature banks over on one wing and, with a mighty swirling of the water, passes by me so closely that my wing-tip almost beheads me. In fact, my breathing tube is torn from my mouth by the movement.

When I have gathered my wits again I realise that in those few seconds I have gone a long way towards proving—at least to my own satisfaction—that the manta is not the menace he is made out to be, that he is more inquisitive than aggressive.

This creature, I feel sure, has no evil intentions. I am more certain than ever now that if boats are upset by him or dragged out to sea it must be the result of natural clumsiness.

Looking about me, I see that Raymond, one of my companions, is preparing his harpoon gun for an attack on the monster. The prospect of an underwater battle is terrifying.

Suddenly, there it is again—the giant manta zooming and leaping towards us. This time I am convinced it is not showing any intention.

sadly even, the terrible death throes of the wounded giant in the depths beneath us. It is a sobering reflection. After 20 minutes we have got our own breath back and are ready to dive again to put the giant out of its misery.

Beneath us, out there in the open sea, there are thousands of feet of water. And we know that sharks will try to rob us of our prey.

We have encountered sharks before. We have swum with them and fought with them. But never before have we disputed with them a prize so precious as the giant manta slowly bleeding to death in the depths. We wonder how the battle will go.

As soon as I am beneath the surface I see the first of them, a magnificent grey-blue specimen, swimming imperiously towards me. Above my head there is another, lying just beneath the surface, watching me. And down below there is a third, climbing gracefully in the company of two pilot fish.

Kicking my legs violently in case there should be yet another behind me—I dare not look—I set my camera in action.

After about a minute I have to surface for air. But I plunge again instantly and there is another shark, looking into my camera like a film star. He poses for a moment and then, to my great relief, sheers off to one side.

REMORA

Now I am being followed by a remora. It is a fish about three feet long which has a sucker on its head by which it attaches itself to a shark or anything else which will carry it through the water.

This remora seems to have taken a liking to me. I try to push it away but in the end it manages to fasten itself to my flesh. I swim to the surface. And only when I am being hauled aboard the Lucia does my affectionate but unwelcome companion part company with me.

Back in the water, swimming at a depth of about 15 feet, I look up and see Raymond being followed by a shark. I cannot warn him of his danger, so I scream with all my might.

The shark hesitates for a moment and then turns tail. Now the roles are reversed. The shark becomes the quarry, with the diver chasing after him.

Surprisingly, the shark does not move quickly enough and Raymond fires, the harpoon striking directly between the gills.

Pandemonium! The wounded beast twists and turns, fighting its fate. Blood pours from its wound.

This should keep the other sharks happy for a while, and away from our manta. For by the laws of this underwater jungle a wounded, bleeding shark is the rightful prey of its fellows.

DEATH THROES

Back aboard the Lucia, we soon catch up with the buoy which marks the position of the manta. It is still moving, but the noble creature must be nearing its end. Its struggles are becoming feeble.

Again we picture the terrible agony, the death throes of a giant of the deep. I look at my companions, and see they are just as sad as I am.

Then I look at our native crew—at expressions of amazement, almost of disbelief. For we have dared to attack the giant manta ray, and we are still alive.

Our boat has not been east on the rocks or overturned. None of us has been dragged down to the depths, there to be enveloped and suffocated. All is quiet. And a legend has been destroyed.

Slowly, foot by foot, we haul in the nylon line. Soon the majestic manta is lying on the deck of the Lucia.

We reckon its weight at 1,000 pounds—a world record catch for underwater hunters.

(To be continued next Saturday)

(WORLD COPYRIGHT)

William Hickey
THE MUSIC ENDS...THE BATTLE STILL RAGES

London. It was a strange, but rather wonderful, evening of opera at the Stoll.

It was wonderful because in this dreary month many lovely women were there in their best gowns for the first night of the Yugoslav opera.

And Lady Harewood and the Yugoslav Ambassador's wife, Madame Volebit, were two of the loveliest.

It was wonderful because the singers and dancers put the whole of their Slav soul into Borodin's opera "Prince Igor."

But it was strange... Strange to see the crosses and banners of Christianity carried on to the stage by the National Opera Company of a Communist State.

Strange to hear the words sung in a Slav tongue that is at times so similar to Russian that you would mistake the language.

Strange to hear this opera of all operas sung by a na-

tion that is at loggerheads with Russia.

For this opera tells not just one story. It is the story of the whole Slav race—of which the Yugoslavs, the Southern Slavs, are part. It is the story of the fight of Western man against the East.

Reason for sorrow

The Russians were the serfs of the Tartars for two or three centuries. The Yugoslavs were the slaves of the Turks. And in this opera—the tale of the battle of a Russian prince against the Tartars—you can see not only the history of Russia in the past. You can see the Russia of today.

The eternal conflict of the Asiatic against the man of the West. A conflict that is not just waged between men. But, because of intermarriage, in the soul of every man.

As I heard the glorious music of the Polovtsian dances I felt a great sorrow for Russia. Sorrow for a people that is still fighting out in itself the battle of the side of the West or of the East?

The lesson

It is a struggle that we English can only half appreciate. In our islands poised in the Atlantic we have never borne the brunt of Asiatic hordes.

I think that anyone who wants to understand Russia should go to see this "Prince Igor." One learns more by the music, by the singing, by the dancing than one would learn in six months or more of reading.

And how gloriously these Yugoslavs sing! They have all the traditional Slav feeling. The Slav excitement. And the Slav dignity.

It is one of the curses of our century that so many of the great qualities of the Slavs have been kept from the world by a creed that satisfies more the Asiatic than the Western man in their race.

Still, one must be thankful. These Yugoslavs are of the West. You can see it in the way their women and men walk and dress.

Take a girl—Drenka Opalic—from Belgrade. I met her at the Yugoslav Embassy—a fine house in Kensington—during a party in honour of the visiting command.

She is very attractive. I can assure you she is also very intelligent. But she is much more important than that. She is a symbol of a compromise between the West and the East. Drenka Opalic—you should pronounce her surname Opalitch—spoke English so well that I didn't guess at first that she was Yugoslav. She was dressed with an elegance that belonged to the West.

Her degree

I am glad to say that England can take some pride in Drenka. She was here soon after the war and took a degree in English at Birmingham University.

But she couldn't be the person she is just because of that. She is Yugoslav. She has been brought up in a Communist country. And yet in all the important ways she belongs to the West.

So did the other Yugoslavs at the party. The women—Sonia Knelt, Nevenka Bidlin, for example—were not just well-dressed. They were dressed with a Western elegance.

So different

Now when Russian artists come here they, of course, are well dressed. Even expensively dressed. But they have no elegance.

And yet I don't believe it is because Russian women have no dress sense. One of the most elegant women I have met was a woman who was brought up in Communist Russia and is now living in London.

It may seem a frivolous way of judging a regime. But comparing Yugoslav and Russian women does give you an idea of the difference between the two Communist countries. In one, Communist regard for individuality and civilisation. In the other an iron discipline where fashion is dangerous.

Perhaps what Russia needs most is a Harlequin or a Hardy. The Russian Parliament ought to take the matter up with Malenkov.

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

—and I hope Mr. Dulles clearly understands that, come what may, I'm knitting no comforts for Chiang Kai-shek.

To MEN: Don't bottle up your emotions

HAVE A GOOD CRY AND LIVE LONGER

By Chapman Pincher

If men wept as easily as women instead of bottling up their emotions they might live much longer.

That is the latest theory of doctors who are trying to find out why men are suffering so much more than women from heart attacks, kidney complaints, ulcers, and high blood pressure.

Their argument: these "diseases of civilisation" are believed to be the result of nervous tension. Women are able to neutralise this tension by occasional outbursts of crying. Men are denied this safety valve because they are taught from boyhood that tears are unmanly.

Result: the strain which should release itself naturally in tears acts inwardly on the glandular system causing grave damage to the blood vessels.

Whatever the truth of this theory there is no doubt that women are being protected in some mysterious way from the dangerous "stress" disorders which are afflicting a steadily increasing number of middle-aged men.

In 1925 the death rate for men between 45 and 55 was 16 percent higher than that for

women of the same age. Now it is 62 percent higher. Between the ages of 55 and 65 it is twice as high for men as for women.

Doctors once thought that women lived longer than their husbands mainly because men were more exposed to accidents and other occupational hazards. Yet as more women have gone to work in factories their expectation of life compared with men's has increased.

DIRECT LINK

DUODENAL and stomach ulcers are now four times commoner in men than in women. Half the patients admitted to hospital with perforated ulcers used to be young women. Now they are nearly all men.

It is the same story with the dangerous type of heart attack called coronary thrombosis. The incidence is four times bigger for men than women. With "hardened arteries"—it is more than three times as big.

Can the male habit of repressing emotion really be responsible for such differences? There is much evidence from animal experiments to support

the belief, but there is an alternative theory. There seems to be a direct link between susceptibility to heart attack and the lack of physical exercise caused by sedentary jobs.

Thus Medical Research Council doctors have found that postmen are much less prone to heart attacks than telephonists. Conductors on London's double-decker buses, who have one of the most active jobs, suffer only half as many heart attacks as drivers.

While most women continue to lead an active life in their homes men are tending to make less and less physical effort as jobs become increasingly mechanised. Many of the men classed as working in heavy industry now move nothing heavier than a spanner.

A survey has shown that most men do not exert themselves much in their spare time. The average time spent on strenuous games seems to be about half an hour a week. Most men spend about five hours of their leisure every day sitting in chairs.

Doctors think that this unnatural lack of exercise must upset the body's economy.

Even men who get through the dangerous decades of 35 to 65 are generally cultivated by women of the same age. Again this may be due to the fact that while men tend to idle when they retire, housewives never stop working.

I have already noted on the doctor's hint that I should do more physical exercise by walking instead of taking buses, by climbing stairs instead of riding in lifts, and by doing more gardening.

But I have been unable to bring myself to start shedding tears—even to save my heart.

DEMONS MAKE YOU ILL

EVIDENCE that many sick people are really possessed by demons which can be cast out by medieval methods has been given to the Commission on Divine Healing.

Two Anglican priests who claim to be experts in tracking down and exorcising such demons said that their services are often in demand.

The commission, set up by the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, heard how the priests work as a team.

One of them specialises in determining which of the many

types of demons is involved. The other decides where in a human body or in a building the demon is hiding.

When they have agreed on a diagnosis, they decide which type of medieval ritual is needed to cast out the demons.

They gave instances where their methods seemed to have succeeded after doctors had failed.

The priests, who appeared before the Sub-Committee on Exorcism and Demonology at Lambeth Palace, insisted on giving their evidence in Latin.

They explained that only in that language could the complicated classification of demons and other intrusions of their art be exactly described.

"It was just as though we had been suddenly transported back to the 14th century," one observer said.

Later the priests translated their statements into English for the benefit of the commission members who cannot understand Latin.

The commission's investigation into the power of faith and prayer in healing is expected to continue for two more years.

All the evidence may eventually be published, but the names of the two Anglican priests, and some of the other witnesses, are likely to be kept secret.

JOHNNY HAZARD



YOU'VE GOT A ONE-TRACK MIND, GUY...ALL IT KNOWS IS KILLING!



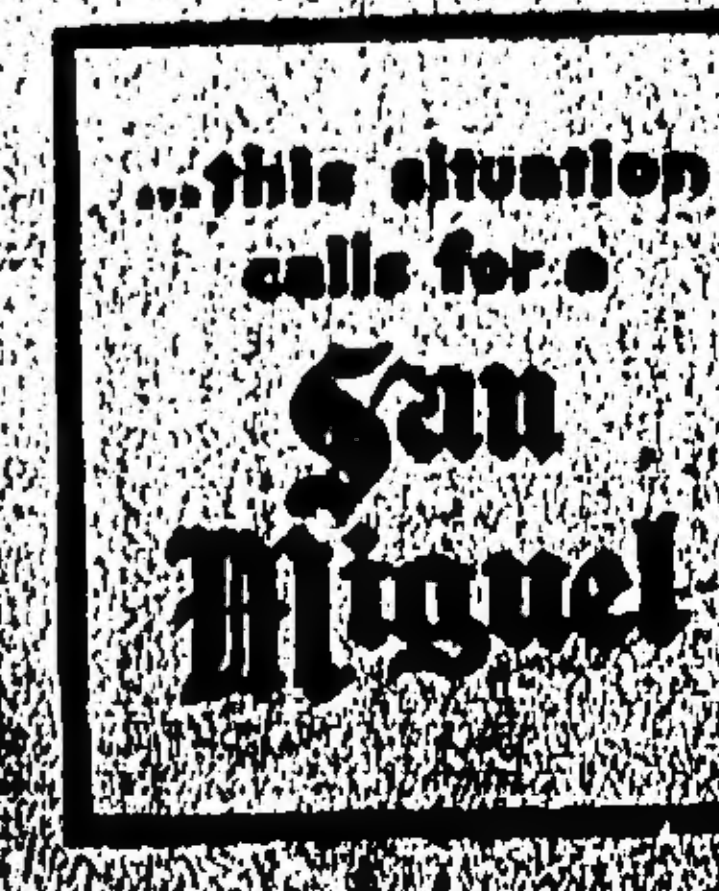
SO LET'S SPARE YOUR "POD" WHILE I "SPOLI" SOME OF YOUR CHILDISHNESS!



By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

"FEATHERED" STRAW HAT



A large straw hat covered with yellow paper plumes, strapped together with jersey ribbons.—Agence France-Presse.

New York Designers Decree The "Soft On Top" Look For This Year

EVERY time designers unlock the doors on next season's fashions one expression crops up repeatedly to describe a favourite new style.

New York. This year it's "soft on top."

The skirts may be skin tight or puffed out with petticoats—but the latest spring outfit has a "soft on top" look

above the waist. Frilly white collars give the soft look to daytime wool dresses, low-cut cocktail dresses depend on fashion's new raised bustline for the "soft on top" look.

Designer Karen Stark of Harvey Berlin has come up with two extremes of this new feminine look.

A girl can choose either the siren or the saintly look and still wear the "soft on top" style.

SIREN, SAINTLY

There's an "evangelical collar" of tucked white linen and lace and white cuffs on a sleek grey wool dress for the saintly side of a woman's personality. Then, for the siren side, Miss Stark designed a navy blue cocktail dress with a low, cuffed neckline that just cups around the edge of the shoulders and cuts straight across the front at a line low enough to cause comment.

Girlish materials like dotted Swiss and white daisy have a surprisingly grownup look when they're turned into warm weather cocktail dresses. Miss Stark used horizontal bands of dotted Swiss and lace for a dress with camisole top and heavy, lacy straps.

For several years designers have turned to the Far East for fashion ideas. This year, in spite of the preoccupation with the higher bustline and lower waistline, there are new copies of clothes worn in eastern countries.

"NEHRU COATS"

Anthony Blotia designed several tunic-length coats and called them "Nehru Coats." One version of the long, slim coat is a sleeveless white linen jacket worn over a navy and white polka dot cotton dress. The coat is adapted from one worn by Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India. Blotia also copied a Japanese robe for a long, narrow coat of blue fleece and made an Indian sari dinner costume.

The Far Eastern look even managed to get into one version of a short, close-fitting dress with a camisole-cut neckline and an overblouse with the long waistlet look. This, designed by Blotia, is made of white silk. The square neckline is encrusted with a border of pink coral, seed pearls and rhinestones.

On the typically-American side are the shirt dresses in everything from cotton to chiffon for spring.

To Copenhagen, used layers of grey silk net for a bouffant version of the shirt dress. It's considered as proper for party evening as for day. These are low-cut cocktail dresses with the "soft on top" look.—United Press.

Sportswear Is More Feminine Than Ever

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

ONE designer who can turn his hand to the practical and the fantastic at the same time with equal ease is Teddy Tining—the man who has made the sports girls interested in fashion. Two weeks ago he showed his new sportswear collection.

He has brought the H-line to town for tennis clothes, and forecasts that this style will take the lead at Wimbledon this year. His tennis dresses are all one piece, with a fitted tunic-like top, mounted on a miniature pleated skirt.

Women tennis players rarely choose shorts these days, and the Tining dresses are more feminine than ever. Many of them have flared skirts worn over stiff petticoats—lace-trimmed, of course. But, to keep up with the times, some are trimmed with washable blue straw.

For the professional tennis player who has several matches a day, Tining has produced an outfit entirely of terylene; it consists of shirt, pleated skirt and fitted petticoat. All have been tested for their washing qualities. The shirt dries within ten minutes at ordinary room temperature; the pleated skirt has been washed half a dozen times but never lost a fold and still retains its pleats.

For Every Sport

Besides making tennis outfits, the Tining enterprise designs for practically every sport you might think of, and for quite a few you might not, including bowls and archery. The attention to detail is prodigious. There are lace-trimmed tennis socks that will not wrinkle underfoot; straight-fronted golf skirts that will not blow in the breeze and distract you at the match's crucial moment; and golfing jackets with plenty of elbow room.

The Tining enterprise also makes sun clothes, not so much for Britain, as for outposts of the Tining empire like California, where the sun is warm enough to make such clothes worth while.

Star of the show was a sun outfit called "In the Mink." A gold striped rayon tunic, trimmed with mink, was worn over bloomers, also trimmed with mink. Officially described as a "piece of nonsense for sitting around in," its destination is California where, Mr. Tining assured us, they love luxurious sun clothes.

Tips From The Royal Shoemaker

Edward Rayne, shoemaker to the three royal ladies—the Queen, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret—organised a shoe show at his London factory and gave us three pieces of news.

Sophisticated Headpiece



First came the new season's colours. Though black is still number one favourite, blues ranging from lavender to bright blue and browns ranging from off-white to deep tan will also be going to our feet.



"Charmaine", by Teddy Tining, is an H-line dress with wide pleats. Both the dress and the little-boy cap are made of American celanese.

Second came two new materials. One was a new lustre call, produced by rubbing a mother-of-pearl finish on to ordinary call. "I don't think it is really as simple as that, but that's what my tanner friends tell me," he said. He makes this call in pastel pinks and blues and uses it mainly for

sandals and evening shoes. Another new leather was one he discovered on a recent trip to the States. Thanks to a new tanning process, you can now have shoes in a leather which looks like candy-striped cotton or checked gingham.

Third came the "springolator," the latest invention for making beehive shoes comfortable. This is an elastic gusset fitted to the instep of backless shoes so that they grip the foot. Mr. Rayne makes it clear that this is here to stay, and is "more than an overnight sensation."

As if being the head of a world-wide export business were not enough, Edward Rayne is also one of the world's leading bridge players. He mastered the game when he was eight and at 21 was chosen as a member of the English Bridge Team.

Innovation

His approach to shoes—their colours, styles, materials—is that they are "fun." But he has learned the 200 operations which go into making a shoe. He travels 50,000 miles a year on business.

He believes he has an innovation in shoe construction, which when perfected, will make it "physically impossible" for a woman to walk badly or uncomfortably. He does not consider this revolutionary. "Call it development, the result of research," he says.

Soviet prejudice against grooming and good looks criticised by youth.

Slinky Evening Gowns for Women Communists?

Helsinki.

SOVIET Russia's women need no longer fear to look smart; they can wear slinky evening gowns or fashionable frocks and be good Communists, too.

The Communist press—and that means the Kremlin—has accepted this new line.

News of this turn around in the Communist fashion world came to light in the columns of Komsomolskaya Pravda, the Youth Organisation's newspaper.

It was holding a "discussion" on love, marriage and beauty. And it put the stamp of approval on the views of comrades who do not believe that a girl is only lovely when she is wearing overalls, driving a tractor.

Young people from all parts of the Soviet Union had their say.

Nikolai Zayvalov, from Kuybyshev is "indignant" that girls are sometimes criticised for dressing smartly. "Do some comrades wish to forbid girls to wear evening gowns and try to look their best; to forbid them to play the guitar, rouge their lips and manicure their nails? I know many very good, hard-working women—technicians, scientists, physicians—who use rouge. I am sure they have not become bad because of it," he said.

V. Romanov criticised the well-established Soviet assumption that one should not look for a pretty face in love and marriage. Sometimes the opposite is the case.

A COMPLAINT

"I know many people who think that if a young man or a girl is good-looking, he or she is no good. But a girl I know has recently been complaining to her friends. 'I have married an ugly fellow. I thought he would be good and intelligent—and yesterday he again spent the whole night drinking!'"

Other correspondents said many women attached too much importance to how they looked and how they dressed. But these letters too, indicated that the Communist party has had to accept (even if unwillingly) the fact that Soviet women want to look smart—even against the wishes of die-hard Communist husbands.

The party press, however, condemns loose living with the utmost severity. Singled out for bitter attack are: Young girls who marry or "accept presents" from rich old men.

Rich old men who seek the company of young girls.

(London Express Service.)

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SUNDAY EXPRESS

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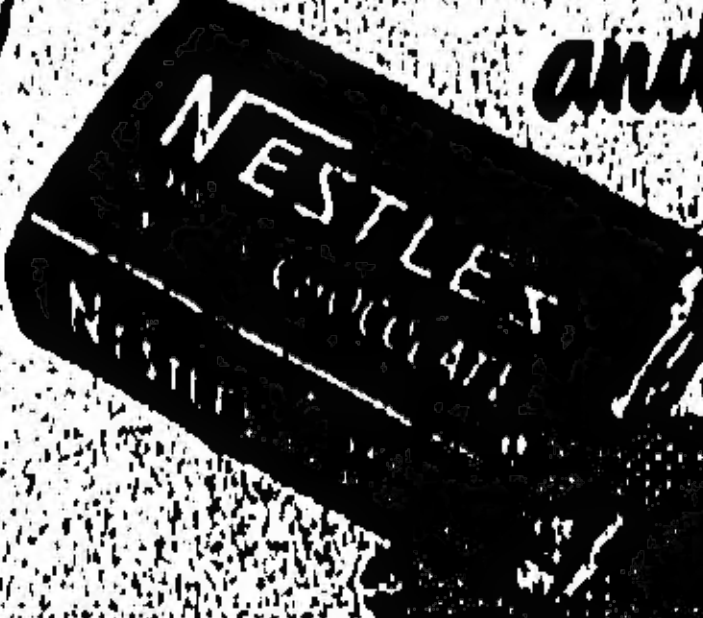
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THE NEW LOOK HAVE NO MINK

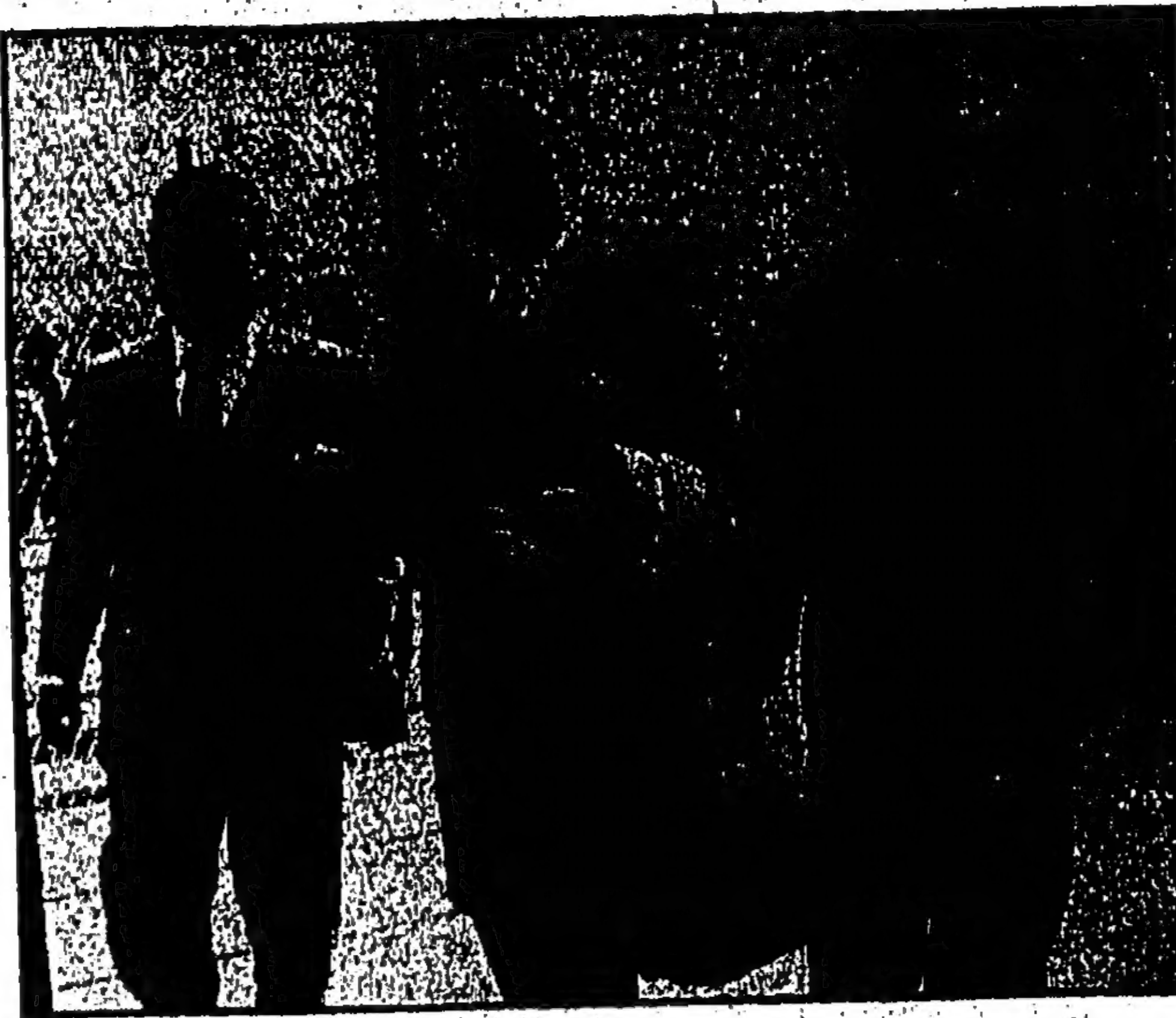
It's Good

and it's good to eat often!





AT the farewell dinner given at Boy Scouts Headquarters for Mr G. S. P. Heywood, a Vice-President of the Hongkong Boy Scouts Association, who is leaving on retirement. From left: Mr Heywood, Mr J. W. Cockburn, Colony Commissioner, Mrs Heywood and Mr F. C. Clamo. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. W. S. Kent Hughes, Australia's Minister of the Interior and Works (centre), seen on arrival at Kai Tak with Mr H. C. Manzies, Australian Trade Commissioner, and Mr K. Y. Leung. (Staff Photographer)



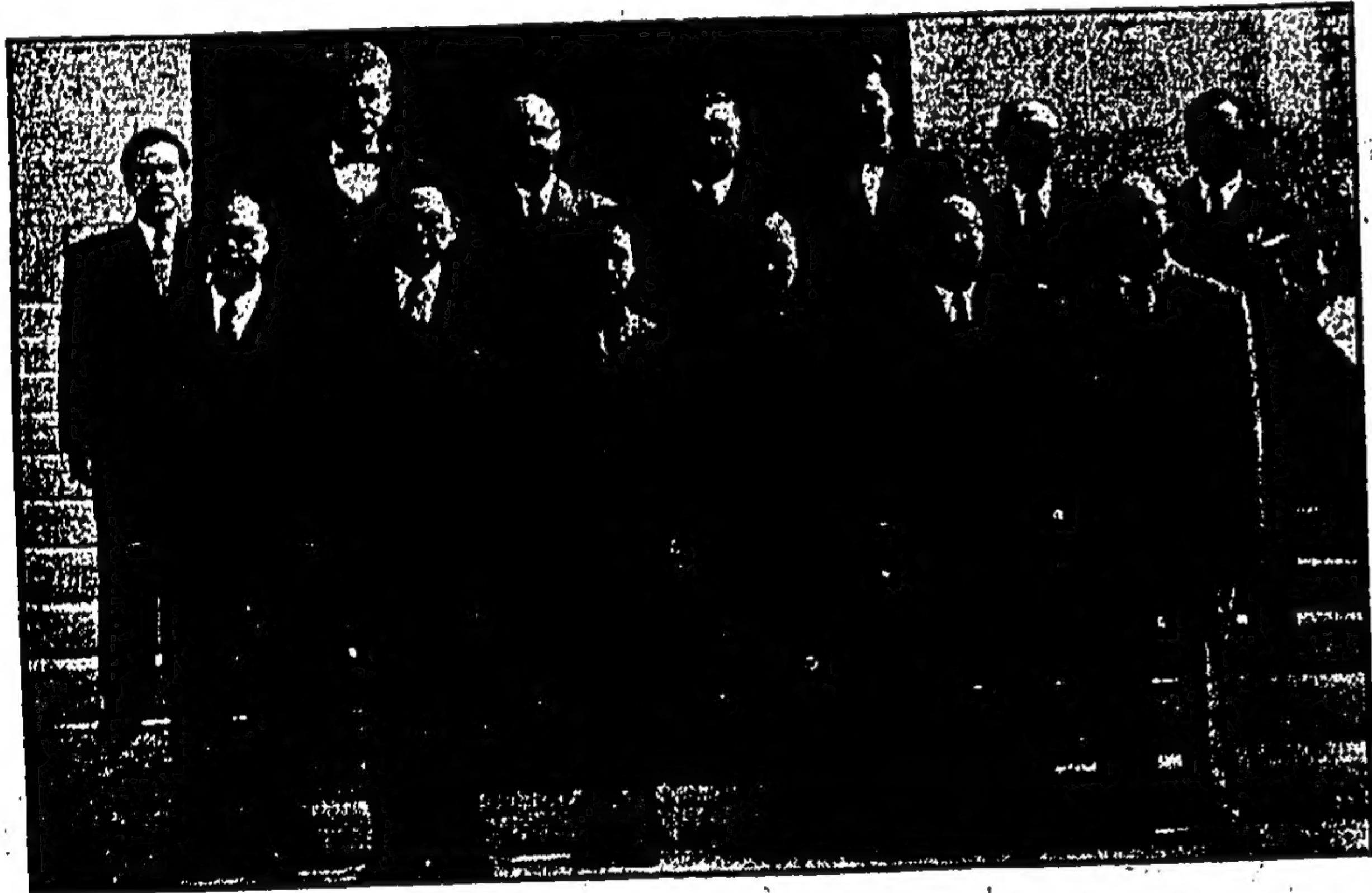
DR Khoo Kee-sang and his bride, formerly Miss Susan Tsang Yuk-fong. Their wedding took place at St Teresa's Church. (Ming Yuen)



Dr J. M. Liston, who left this week to take up his new appointment as Director of Medical and Health Services, Tanganyika, receiving the good wishes of friends at a dinner party given in his honour at the Ying King Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



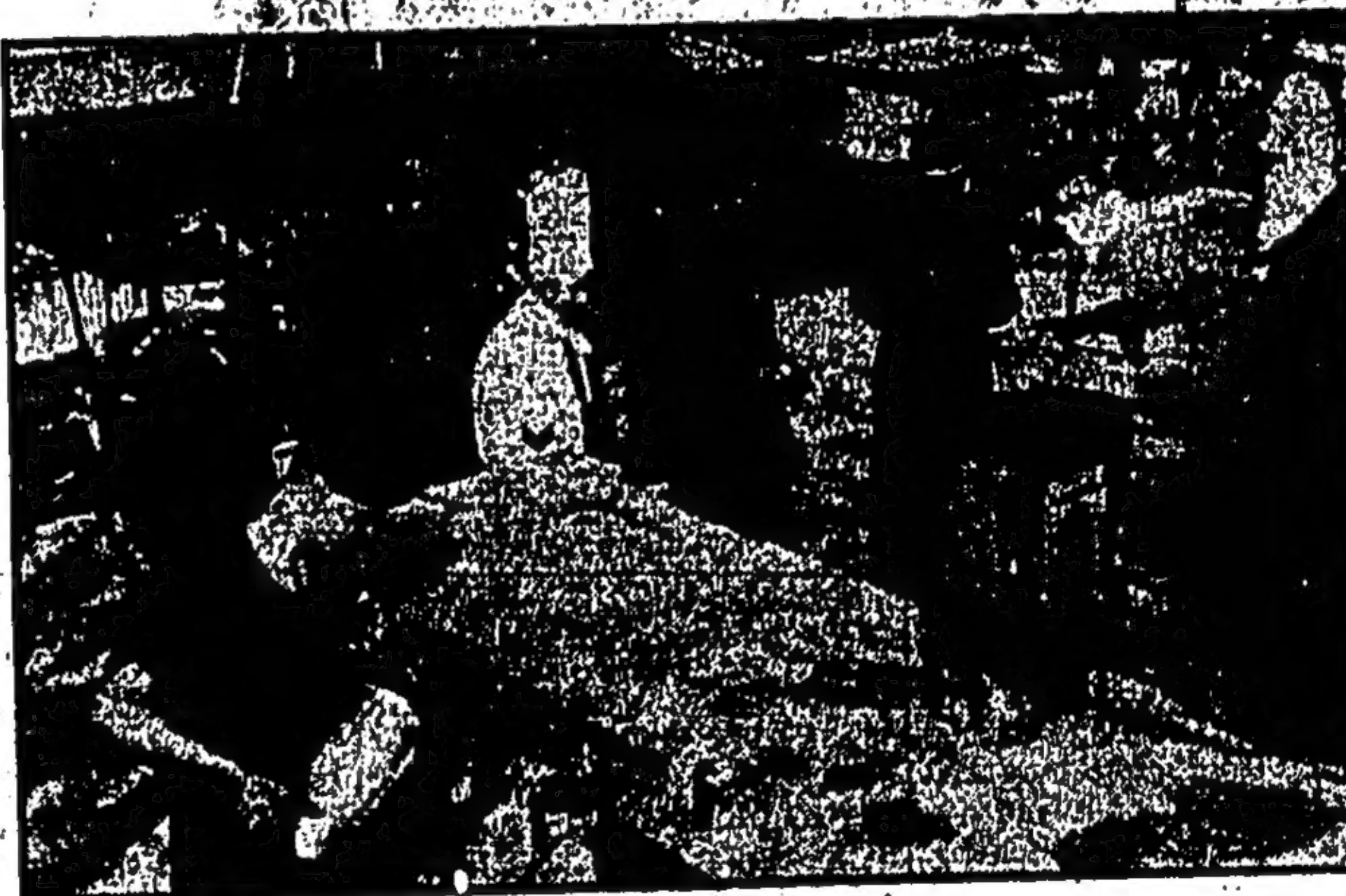
MR Austin Coates, District Officer (South), watches eager youngsters enjoying their meal at a children's party given at the Silvermine Bay Holiday Camp last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



AFTER the installation of Elders of the Kowloon Tong Church of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance. The Elders, in the front row, are Dr K. Y. Yeung, Mr M. W. Lee, Mrs M. W. Lee, Mrs C. Y. Ho, Mr P. C. Kwok and Mr C. L. Chui. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Kwok Chan, President of the Hongkong Football Association, and Dr Paul Faber, team manager of the Grasshoppers from Zurich, seen at the dinner given for the visitors last week. (Staff Photographer)



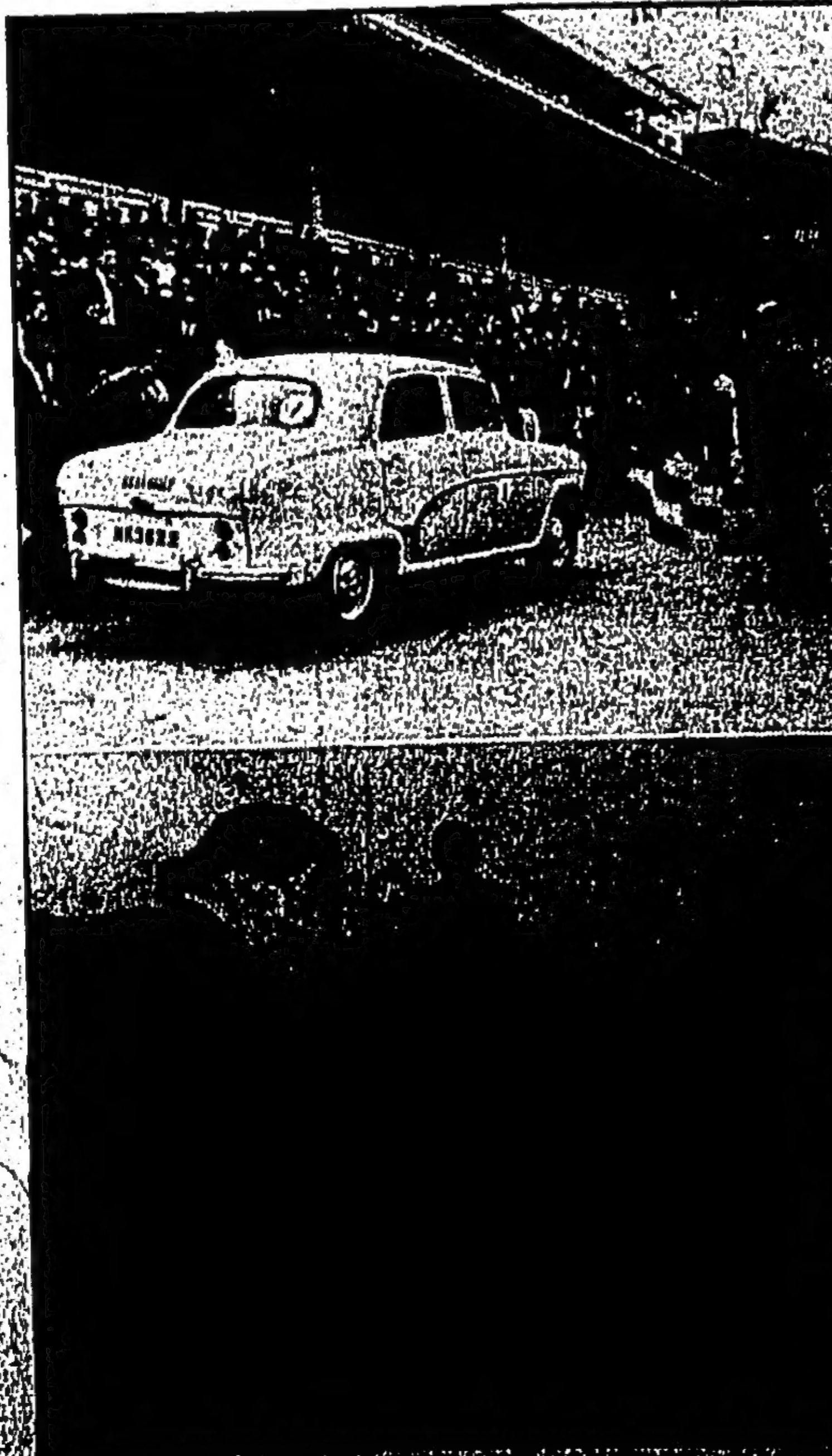
SCENES on the final day of the Hongkong Automobile Association's annual rally at Happy Valley. Above: Miss Patricia Wong with the Wah Kiu Yat Po Trophy, the Grand Prix d'Honneur in the Concours d'Elegance. Left: Mrs I. M. Halligan, the only lady driver in the rally, receiving her prize from Mrs G. S. Thomson. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, inspecting a field kitchen at the annual exhibition of the Army Catering Corps training school. (Staff Photographer)

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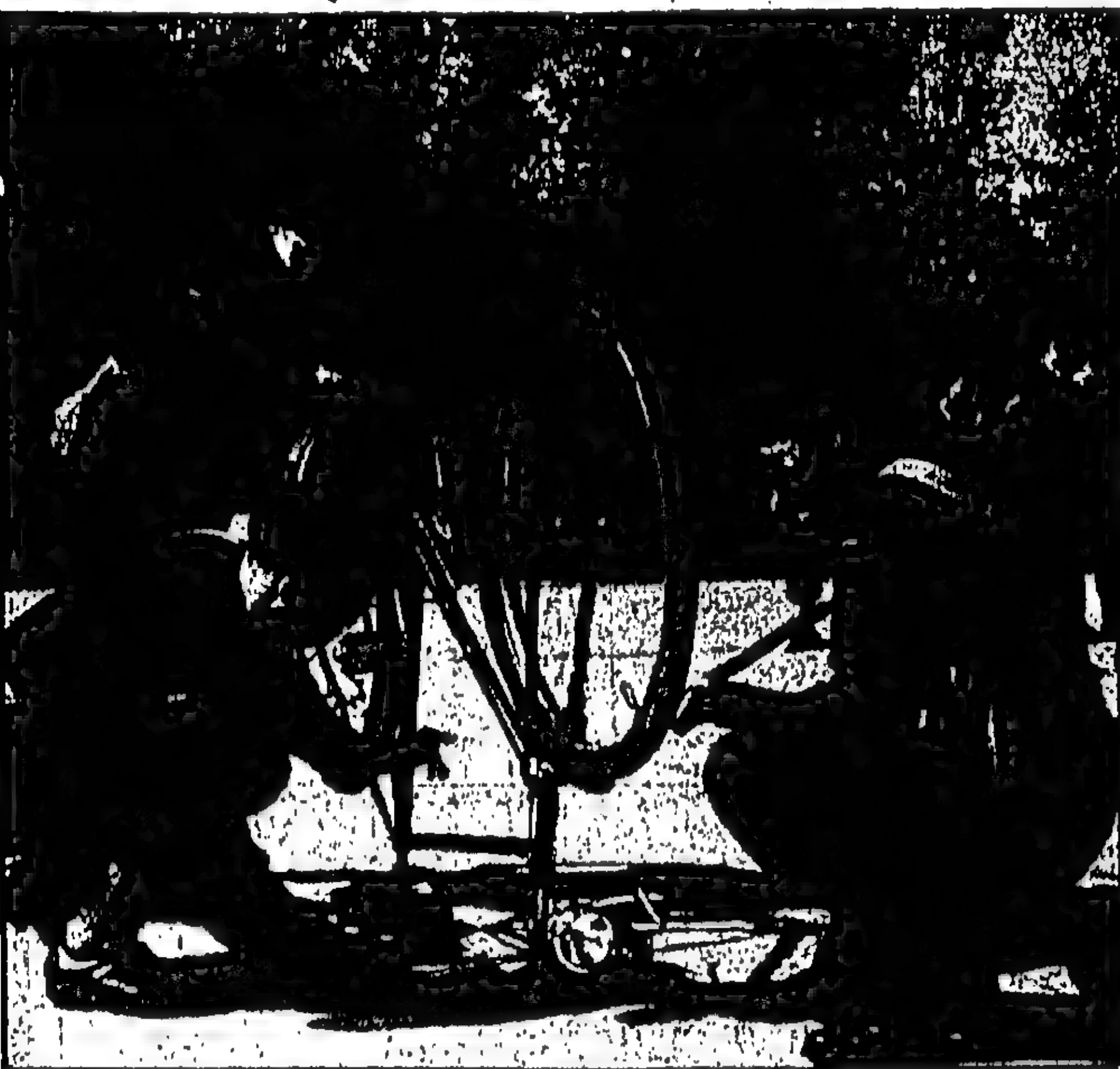
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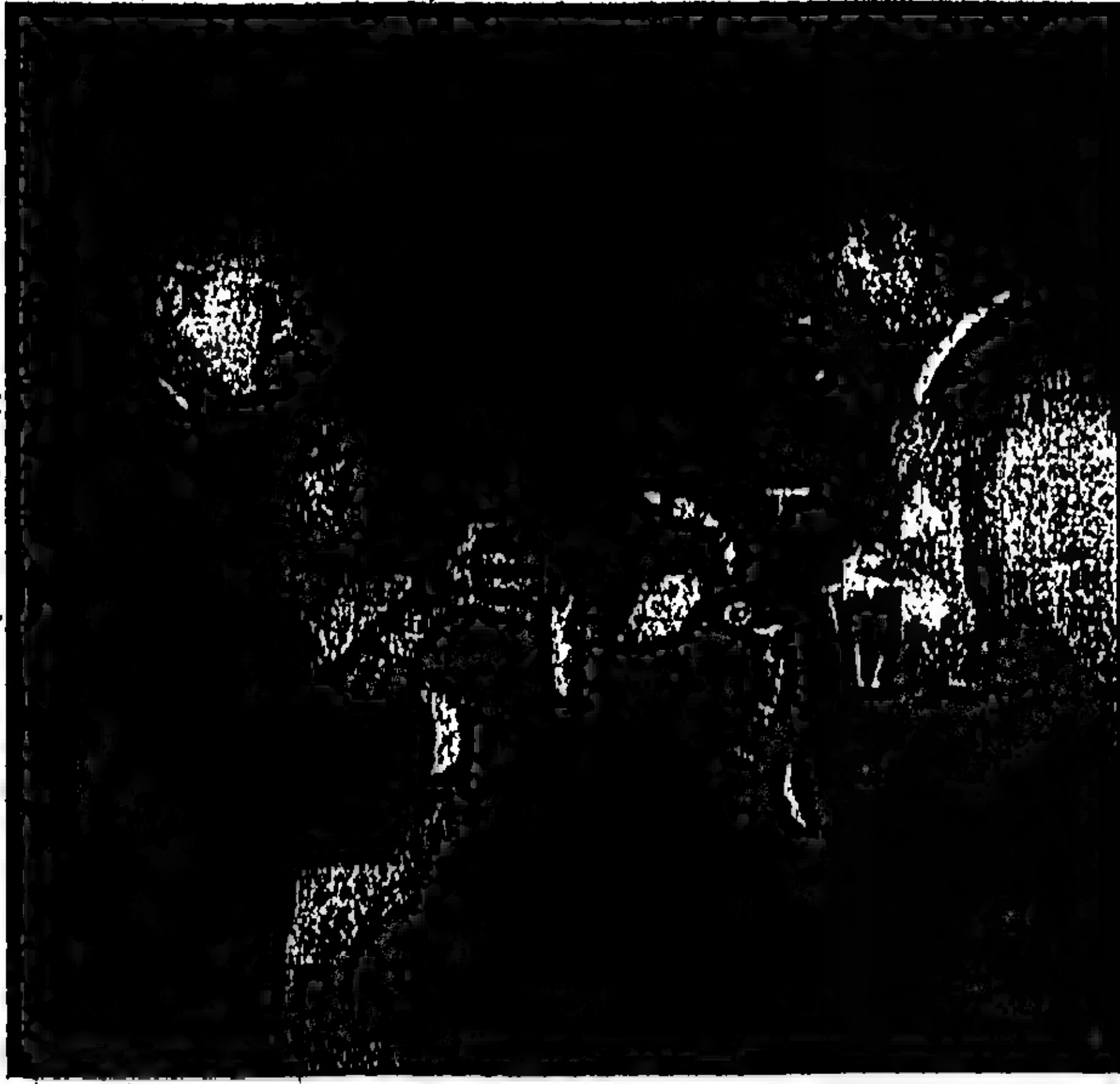
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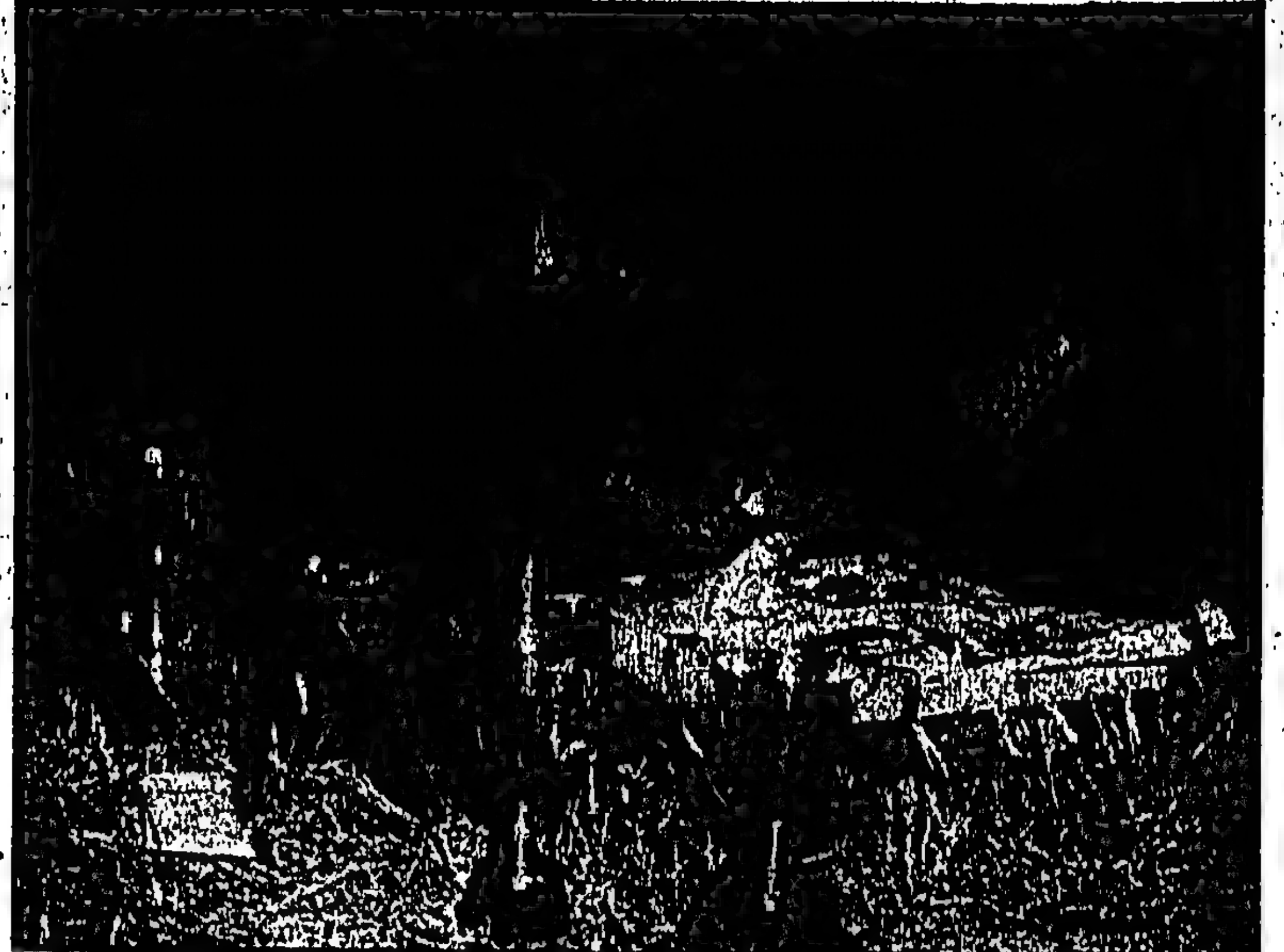
HOLLYWOOD comes to Hongkong! More and more film stars are finding this a pleasant place for work or play. Top picture shows Jennifer Jones and William Holden at a press conference. They are here to film Han Suyin's "A Many Splendoured Thing." The other photo shows James Stewart surrounded by reporters at Kai Tak. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Civil Aid Services Despatch Unit snapped during their field day last Sunday in the grounds of Queen's College, Causeway Bay. (Staff Photographer)



MR P. R. Ragi receiving several trophies from Mrs N. P. Karanjia at last Saturday's prize distribution night at the Craigengower Cricket Club. (Staff Photographer)



TAKING home their many prizes won at the 1955 Hongkong Bisley are Lt and Mrs Orpen-Smellie. The trophies include the Governor's Shield for the Colony Championship, won by Lt Orpen-Smellie. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: A Public Works Department official explains to His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, the work on the new Causeway Bay traffic roundabout. The Governor inspected several public projects on the island on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)

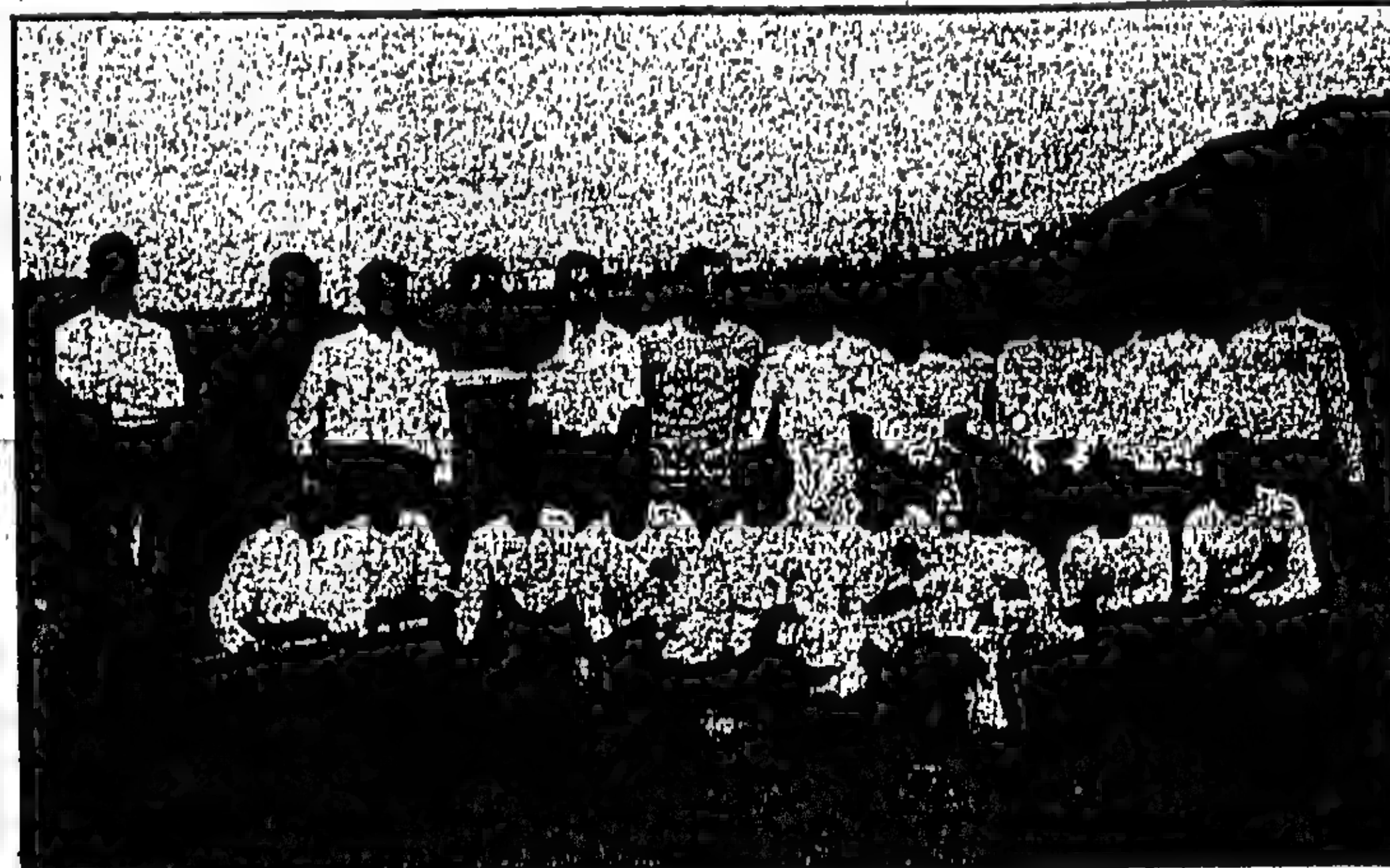


MR and Mrs Boyd-Cowan with their daughter, Rowena Jane, after her christening last Sunday at the Holy Trinity Church. (Ming Yuen)



ROYAL Hongkong Defence Force and Combined Services cricketers who met last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: At the start of the Schools' Softball League at King's Park. Teams from King George V School and St. Martin's College. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: At the annual Police sports. Shown in the tug-of-war are the winners of the event, the Central Division team. The group is the Kowloon City Division team, winners of the Inter-Divisional Championship. (Staff Photographer)

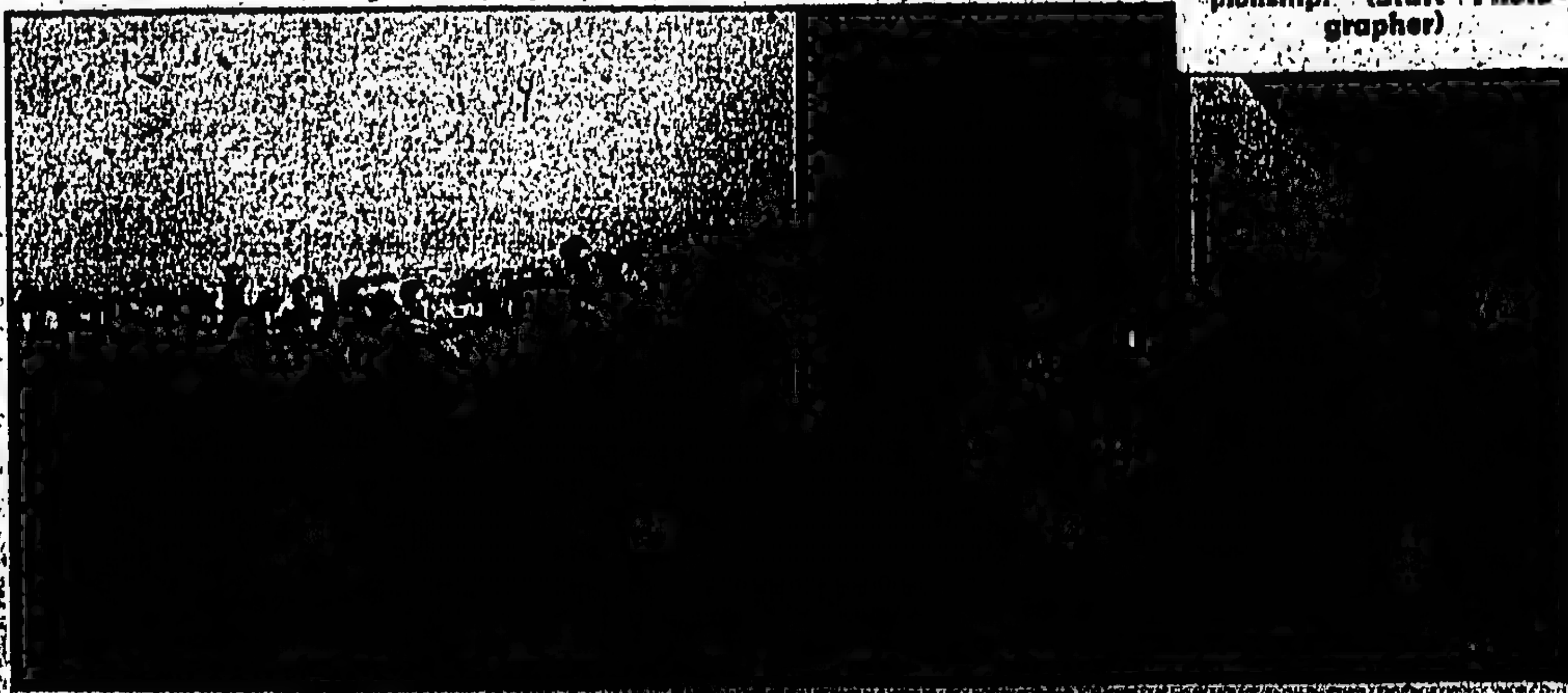
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

Frustration, Tension May Cause

Peptic Ulcers

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

It is seldom appropriate to take a facetious attitude toward a painful problem like a peptic ulcer yet there are circumstances in which it is better to laugh than to take bicarbonate of soda.

Dr. John Eichenlaub, in TODAY'S HEALTH, tells the story of the executive who wore his ulcer as a badge of position. No one was ever allowed to forget his peptic ulcer.

When a family of long-time employees was being honored at a dinner by the company, this executive sat between a junior and a cleaning woman. Every one had a fine dinner except the executive, who regarded his peptic ulcer with a mild shudder. When the junior asked the cleaning woman to add the cleaning woman's name to the guest list, the executive said: "Why, doesn't she have a peptic ulcer?"

Peptic ulcer is a very physical thing. The physician, by careful questioning, can find out what caused this disturbance. The fellow who blows up upon slight provocation is not the one who gets ulcers. It is rather the suppressed quiet type who can take a great deal of frustration or who "does a slow burn," who gets into trouble. From slow burn, to heartburn, to ulcer is a sequence often observed.

Take It Easy

Not only frustration but tension such as too much work may produce ulcers. It is not the work itself but the pressure which causes the individual to work under emotional tension. Obviously, the executive is in this situation most often but anyone who lets his job ride him instead of the other way around may be a suitable

candidate for ulcers. The best philosophy is to take it easy while doing the best you can. A hundred years from now, no one will know the difference.

This is not to say that ulcers should be taken lightly. Life should be taken as lightly as possible to avoid ulcers but when an ulcer develops, in spite of everything, it is time to see your doctor and follow his advice about diet and medication. But, most of all, follow his advice about your emotional state. Keep it calm. Keep it serene. Learn to shrug your shoulders instead of tightening up your fists and you will be much less likely to have ulcers or, if you have had them, to get them back again.

If you do get so mad that you want to bite nails, try chopping wood, beating a punching bag, or other active, harmless or constructive occupations. Above all, don't take your ulcer home and use it as an excuse for quarreling with your wife. For wives, the advice is don't serve your ulcer to your husband for dinner.

Attractive Window Arrangements

By Joan O'Sullivan

WINDOWS work wonders with the exterior of the house shown on today's page, giving it a charming and distinctive appearance.

A multi-paned picture window highlights the living room, while a top-to-bottom arrangement of three narrow windows provides interest at the front entry. Still a third grouping of windows, two small high ones, breaks the brick wall of the bedroom wing.

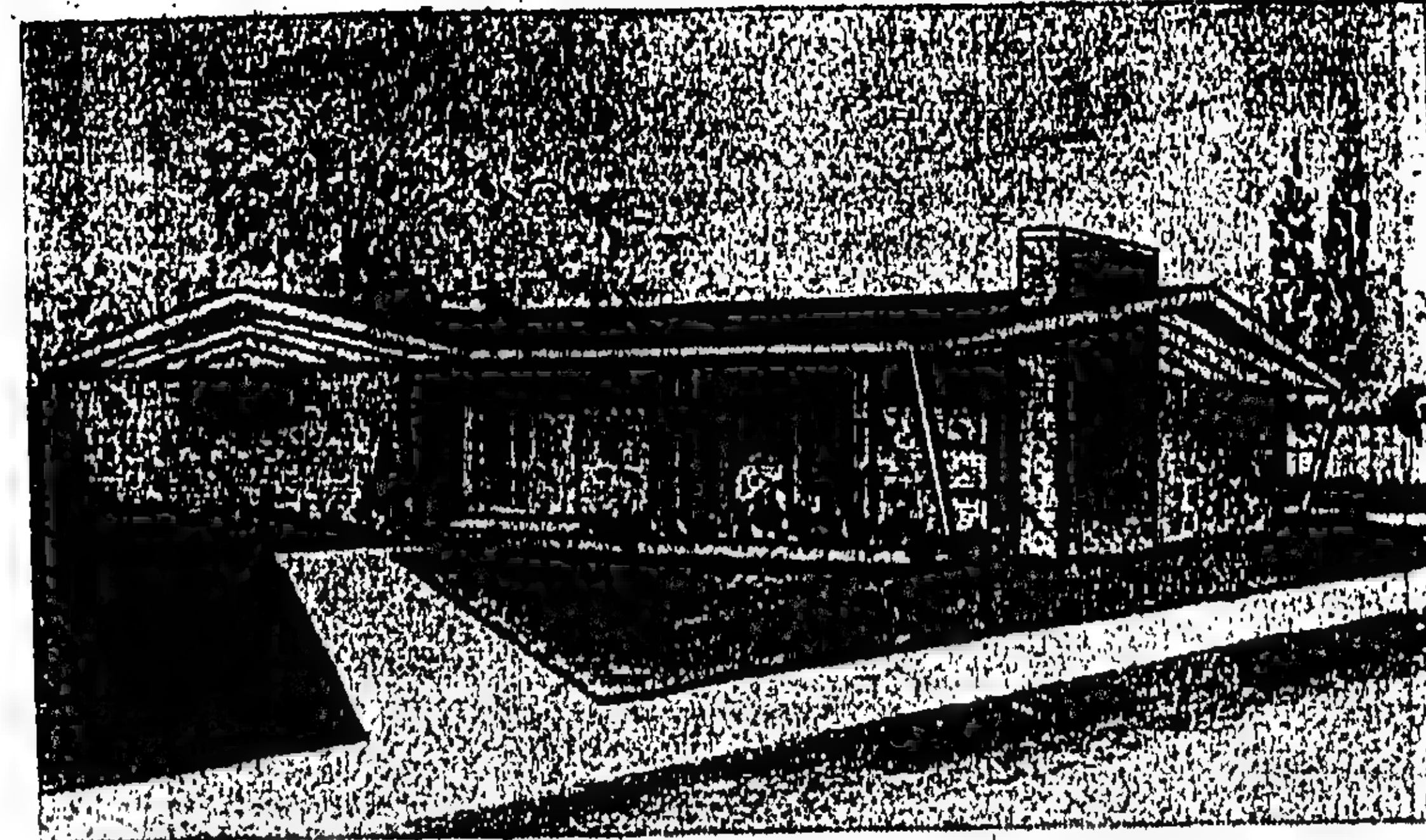
Inside the home, a centre hall from the foyer leads to every room in the house.

Warm and Cheery

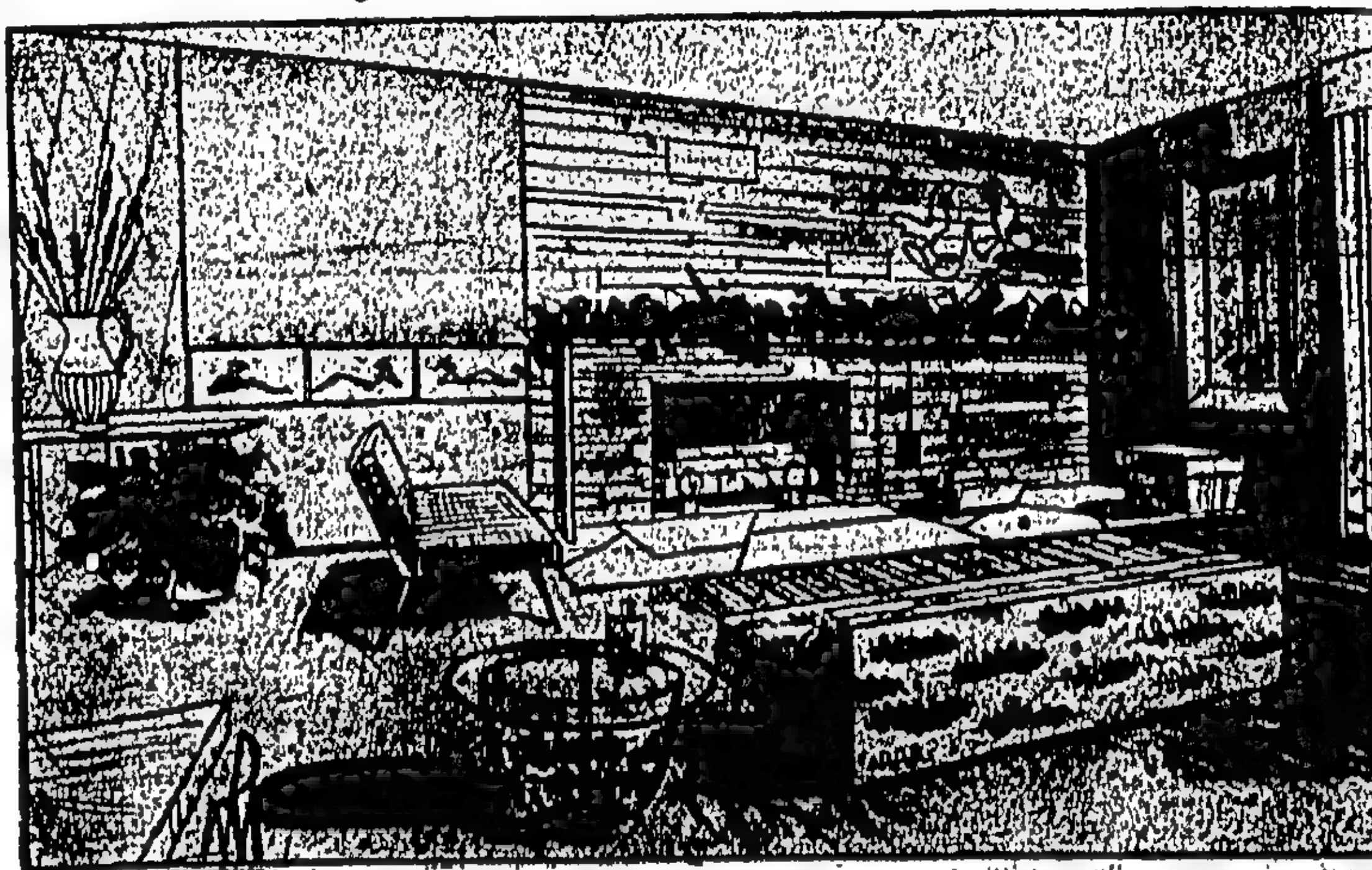
To the right of the entry, the living-dining combination makes a roomy L. The picture window noods this area with light, while a fireplace on the adjacent wall provides warmth and cheer for winter evenings. The dining section of the room, at the back of the house, opens on the kitchen and the outdoor terrace.

Homemakers are sure to be pleased with the kitchen. Its placement makes for convenient meal service, whether indoors or out on the terrace. Corner windows over the sink brighten this work area. There's ample space for a breakfast table, and plenty of counter and cabinet room. In addition to its own terrace entrance, the kitchen also has access to the basement stairway.

Closet space is abundant. The master bedroom boasts Mr and Mrs closets, while the one in the other bedroom is exceptionally wide. In addition, there are two hall closets and a linen unit in the bath.



A WIDE ROOF OVERHANG, a planting box and trellis, plus a trio of interesting window arrangements, creates a homey look for this house. Bedroom windows are placed high to insure privacy.



THIS IS THE VIEW of one section of the living-dining area, seen from the foyer. The fireplace makes a delightful centre of interest. To the left of this area (not seen) is the dining section of the room.

How Ulcers Start

The explanation is that the stomach is a very sensitive organ. It is the only one in the body that is not protected by a thick layer of mucus. When the stomach is irritated, it produces acid, which can cause ulcers.

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THIS MAGAZINE RACK IS EASY TO MAKE

HERE is something simple and modern to hold those newspapers and magazines which get so out of hand in the average home. It takes only an hour or two to make this rack.

Now follow these directions—
TOOLS: Tenon saw, coping saw, brace with 3/16 in. and 1/4 in. bits, ruler and hammer.

MATERIALS: 2 pieces of 1/2 in. plywood 11 in. x 9 in.; 2 1/2 in. dowels 1 ft. 6 in. long; 1 1/2 in. dowel 1 ft. 6 in. long. You also need a length of white cord or string, a few nails, glue, and sandpaper.

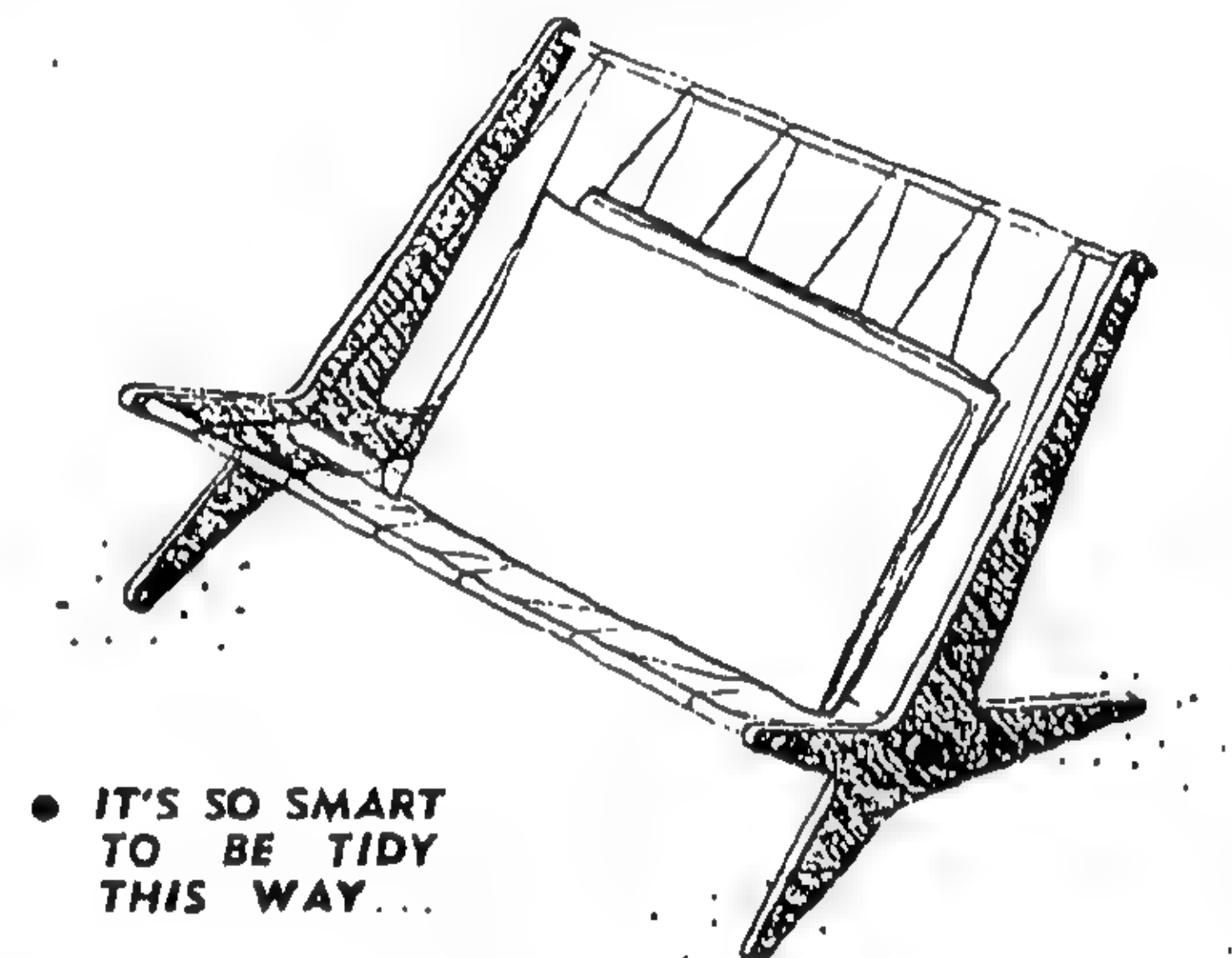
DIRECTIONS.—The diagram A is divided into 16 squares. Using the squares as a guide, transfer the shape on to a piece of 1/2 in. plywood, and cut out, using a coping saw.

Smooth the rough sawn edge with sandpaper, and use the shape to mark the other one needed. Cut out as before.

Bore the holes, two 3/16 in. and one 1/4 in., in the positions marked in Diagram A, holding the two sides flat together, and boring both the ends at the same time.

Cut 2 1/2 in. and 1 1/2 in. dowel to 1 ft. 6 in. long, and sandpaper the surface and the ends smooth.

To assemble, put a little tube glue into each hole. Fit in the respective dowel, the end to be 1/4 in. proud, and "peg" the joint



● IT'S SO SMART
TO BE TIDY
THIS WAY

with a thin nail knocked through the edge of the plywood into the dowel as in Diagram B.

When the glue has set wax-polish the frame, rubbing a little wax or furniture polish all over, and polish with a soft cloth.

To start the stringing, loop the centre of the cord round the bottom dowel, take each end up to its respective dowel, then down again, round the centre dowel, and continue this until the stringing is finished as in the main illustration.

—(London Express Service.)

Sweets For Those Who Are Dieting

By Ida Bailey Allen

"MADAME, the lady eating dinner at that corner table has ordered a very interesting meal," said the Chef. "Just three foods, and all desserts—pecan pie, chocolate marshmallow layer cake, and a dish of peach ice cream."

"I'll wager she's reducing," I answered, "and couldn't take it any longer, so is out for a fling. She's eating about 600 calories."

"However, if she had only juice, a boiled egg, coffee and a slice of toast for breakfast, and lettuce for lunch, she'd still be within a possible daily 1,200 calories."

COFFEE AND DESSERTS

"But, of course, she wouldn't be well nourished and couldn't reduce satisfactorily on such a daily diet, for the foods don't contain enough protein, and are too high in starch, fat and sugar."

"I tell your idea for the dessert-loving ladies to give coffee and dessert luncheons is good, Madame. A choice of desserts can be offered, such as a fine fresh fruit cocktail, with or without nut macaroons, caramel custards, and pineapple juice gel, with or without cream; perhaps an orange chiffon pie, and a choice of strawberry meringue cake or fruited Boston cream pie."

"They could be arranged to make a glamorous Casserole Buffet, Chef, and would offer a choice for reducers and non-reducers."

Strawberry Meringue Cake: Cover a single layer of plain or

white cake with drained thawed frozen strawberries. Top with meringue. Brown 12 min. in a slow to moderate oven, 325°-350° F.

Serve with strawberry sauce made from the juice, slightly thickened with 1 tsp. cornstarch blended with 1/4 tsp. cold water.

Fruited Boston Cream Pie: Bake or buy 2 layers sponge or plain cake. If baked, cool and put together with 1 recipe cooked cream filling mixed with 1 mashed banana, 2 mashed peach halves, and 3 tsp. drained thinned raspberries. Next the topping.

Cover with swirls of sweetened condensed milk, 1 c. chopped nuts of any kind, 2 c. shredded coconut, and 1 tsp. vanilla extract. Drop by spoonfuls, about 1-in. apart, onto an oiled baking sheet. Bake 10-12 min., or until a delicate brown, in a moderate oven, 350° F. Remove from pan at once.

DINNER

Big Mixed Vegetable Salad
Cucumber Mayonnaise
Veal Curry
Strawberry Meringue Cake
Coffee
Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

CUCUMBER MAYONNAISE FROM THE CHEF

To 1/2 c. mayonnaise, add 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. minced cucumber, and 1/2 c. drained firm portion cucumber.

MODESTY IN CHILDREN

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

OFTEN in this column, I have played up the slogan: "Celebrate your child's successes." Not so often have I warned against the danger of cultivating arrogance and conceit in some children.

Reasonable humility can be a very desirable trait, a fact brought to my attention by an address I heard recently, at a convention of school administrators, by Dr. Murray Alexander Cayley, Rochester Institute of Technology, Rochester, New York.

Dr. Cayley counsels hundreds of youths personally and by radio. After he had touched lightly on helping children and youths to face their failures and build on their strengths, he mentioned the danger, especially in early enjoyment of achievements, of their becoming arrogant.

There's the tot whose parents and other relatives are so amazed at his mental or physical exploits that they offer a prize, and try to induce his parents to do likewise. Sometimes, his parents exclaim over what is only average achievement for the child. Or he may truly be precocious in either event, treated in this way the child can become a prig, and consequently suffer as he sets his sights on his exhibition waning.

THE SPORTS HERO

There is also danger for the high school or college youth who excels on his athletic team and wins applause on the sports page and in his school. If he becomes arrogant, even what he may have lost, even though he should continue as a hero on his team.

You may know a child or youth who excels at parlor games. Perhaps you know such an adult in your club. If he is truly humble, what a choice personality he may have; but what a prig, if he is arrogant.

Then there is the student who excels at books, winning high grades and scholastic honors. Whether he gains them merely by genius, or chiefly by hard work, he may not really win many friends among his associates. Yet some such students do, thanks to their wise humility.

The child or youth who excels in intellectual talents ought to have more resources for winning friends than the average child or youth. Yet arrogance and lack of sympathy for and appreciation of his less alert contemporaries may intent in his way. Many a bright youth holds such a strong contempt for duller ones that he makes them suppose he feels very superior in graciously all diversions, though his superiority may be highly specialized, and he may actually be inferior in his own way.

It might be worth your while to take a look at the chair you sit in. Does your chair support and cushion you? Or does it encourage you to slouch? If you are slouching, your back is not supported. The back of the chair is against the chair seat.

He admitted that in the past most easy chairs were built for men. Also, that too many men seem to think that the bigger the chair, the more comfortable it will be. That is not true. The more nearly a chair is scaled to individual size, the more real comfort it affords.

If the seat of a chair is cushioned, then the back should be a firm spring back, not softly cushioned. Or, if the back is soft, then the seat should be firm. Our expert favors a firm back that gives support at the small of the back.

For seating purposes, a wing chair or a barrel chair scaled down to size is far better than soft lounging type. When you sit in a chair that gives proper support, the muscles are not weakened as they are in a lounging position.

It might be worth your while to take a look at the chair you sit in. Does your chair support and cushion you? Or does it encourage you to slouch? If you are slouching, your back is not supported. The back of the chair is against the chair seat.

Keep In Trim . . . By Ida Jean Kain

Is Your Favourite Chair Suitable For You?

PULL up a chair, kick off your shoes, and sit on an enlightening shopping trip. We went shopping for an easy chair and came home with a new viewpoint on how to choose a chair for solid comfort.

The furniture man probably never had so many questions asked about a mere chair. Since the pointers he gave are figure savers, they are well worth sharing. An upholstered chair, he explained, is a very personal thing. To fit you, a chair should be chosen according to your height. For example, the short person will not require the depth of seat from front to back that a taller person needs. So the right chair for a little woman will have a fairly shallow seat. That way the back of the legs will be the edge of the chair seat, and

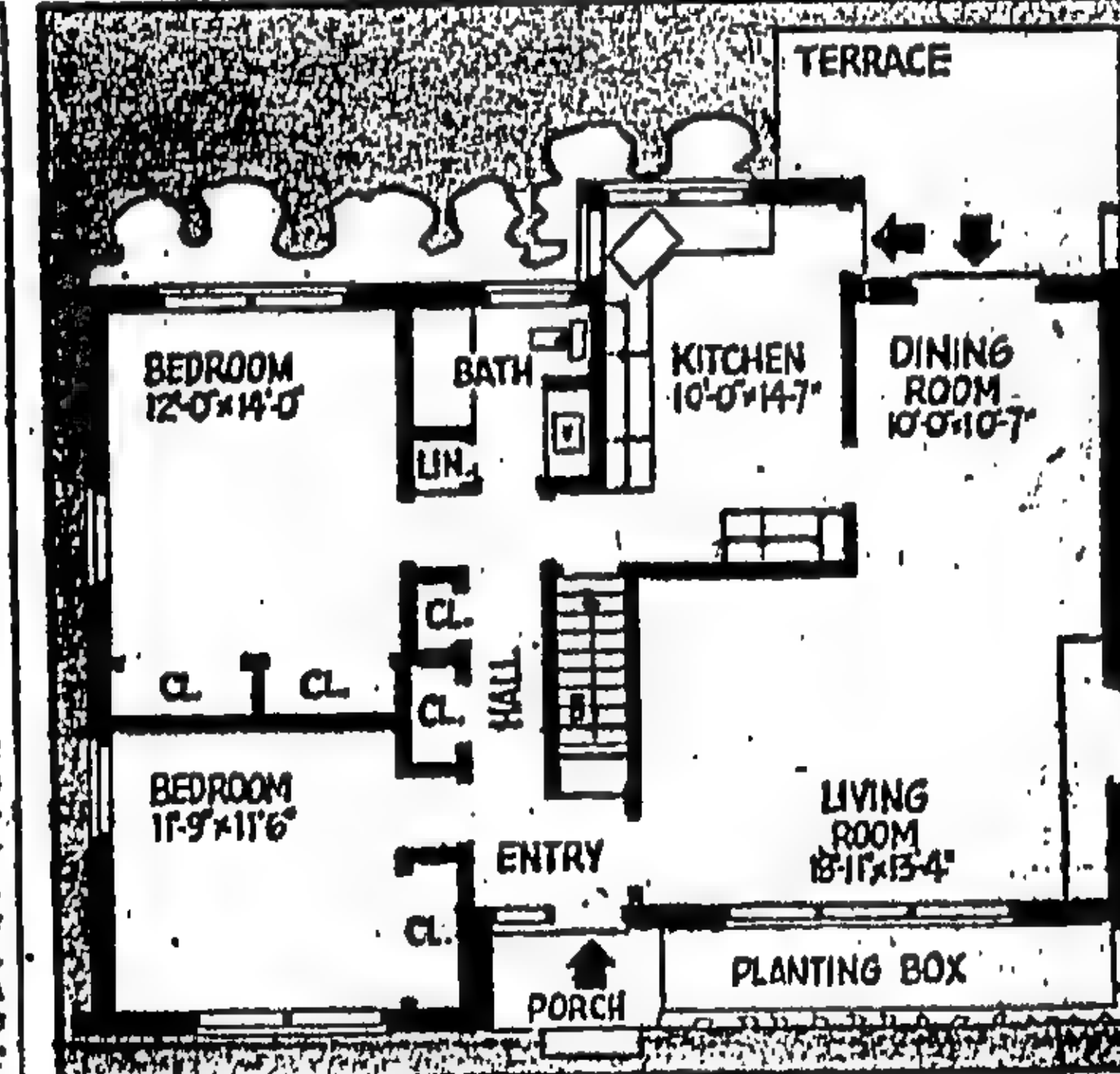
back of the hips is against the chair seat.

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COUNT UP THOSE CLOSETS! The master bedroom has two, a smaller bedroom has one, there are two in the hall, one in the bath.

Baking Soda A Good Kitchen Cleaning Aid

BAKING soda has long since moved off the pantry shelf and is now just as much at home on the kitchen cleaning supplies shelf.

To get the best crystal stemware ready for a party, moisten a tsp. of baking soda with just enough water to form a paste, rubbing paste over inside and outside of each glass. Then rinse and dry with a lintless towel.

In the case of ornate cut glass and crystal, apply paste with a toothbrush, to get at all those little nooks and crannies where dust lodges deepest. Then rinse and dry. Such sparkle!

Smudged or dust-covered mirrors don't reflect as they should, can be brought back to par by giving them a brisk rub down with a cloth wrung from a solution made of 1 tsp. baking soda to 1 qt. water. Rinse, follow up with a dry cloth.

Areas around light switches and door knobs, especially where there are busy little hands in the home, and around windows where dust constantly filters in, are vulnerable spots. A solution of 2 tsp. baking soda to a gallon of water, rubbed over the soiled area with a cloth will remove dirt from painted woodwork without affecting the paint. This washing should be followed with a rinsing and drying.

A stronger solution—1 tsp. of soda to a gallon of water—is suggested for enamelled and varnished surfaces.

One part of the home, which, though not open to public scrutiny, should be spotlessly clean is the refrigerator.

The entire inner surface should be wiped with a cloth wrung from a solution of 2 tsp. of baking soda to a gallon of water. The baking soda in this instance performs a dual function. It cleans and at the same time removes odors.

—ELEANOR ROSS

A PRINCESS IN THE SUN

By Sir
**Beverley
Baxter**
M.P.

London.
As I am writing these words, Princess Margaret has just set forth on her journey to those islands of the Sun known as the West Indies. It may seem to you that there is no recognisable connection between my writing and the voyage of Her Royal Highness, but nevertheless it exists.

My wife and I have just returned from a visit to Nassau, the Government centre of the Bahamas, where we were guests of the Governor, the Earl of Ranfurly, and his wife. And it is in their lovely official residence that the Princess will stay.

I hope that Her Royal Highness will not be content merely to visit Nassau. Certainly Nassau is a charming spot, set in an azure sea, but it has become the supreme playground of the rich.

Here are the sun-starved millionaires of Canada and the USA. Here also are rich Britons who have established lavish homes in this scented paradise. Whether their wealth should be so favoured might be argued, but Nassau is a formidable corner of dollars, which are duly transferred to the vast pockets of Mr R. A. B. Butler and the British Treasury.

Journey's End

But the real adventure lies beyond Nassau in the scattered islands spread over hundreds of miles of sea. Therefore you can understand our interest when one day the Governor said to us: "I am going to some of the outer islands. Would you like to come? We shall be away for three days." And so it was arranged.

Our party consisted of seven—the Governor and his wife, a most amusing American couple who were fellow guests, then the Baxters, and the controller of Government House, Major



One of the latest pictures of Princess Margaret, with her new hairdo. The familiar bouncy curls have come off, and now she has a straight bob with only a few soft curls in front.

Kenneth Harding, whose life has been a story of Colonial administration, with a period in China thrown in for extra measure.

Two amphibious planes were ordered, and for an hour apart, we went into the skies and over the water. After the full crew of the Statorules, the Nassau, it was a startling contrast to find that there was a pilot and no more. I must say that he was reassuringly unperturbed. We were a cargo that had to be delivered and it was all in the day's work.

Far below us there were dotted islands, slumbering in the sea's embrace, then long stretches of water as if we would never see land again. Yet, in about an hour there came Journey's end and we swished into the water, then scudded to a wharf where we disembarked.

A modest new hotel had been built on the island of Green Turtle Cay, and we were to be the first visitors. But then this little island is very much an up-and-coming affair. Employment is good, for the Americans are a steady market for its fish. There is no sign of wealth, for the good reason that none exists. We had left Nassau, which is not only the seat of government for the Bahamas but is the supreme playground of the rich, and in a short flight we were on this remote island where the natives wrest their

livelihood from the sea. For such a people life must always be hard, especially when hurricanes vent their fury upon the wooden cottages in which they live.

But on this night there were no thoughts of fish or gales. The Governor, representing Her Majesty the Queen, had come to see them, and the inhabitants had arranged that the visit should be welcomed after their own fashion.

In fact, we had hardly finished an early dinner when we heard the band approaching. This was a band which was no concerned either with musicianship or the Musicians' Union. Anyone who had any instrument capable of blowing a note or two was automatically accepted, and as far as the percussion instruments were concerned you could be a drummer with a stick and an empty box.

Biff, Bang!

They stood outside the new hotel, and a splendid young dorkie, who seemed to run all festivities as well as being captain of a fishing boat, expressed his formal pleasure at the visit of "His Excellency the Governor." How he loved those words and how graciously he spoke them! These children of the sun are courtly creatures. So the Governor and his party joined the procession, and in no time we found ourselves singing:—

"Dat ole time religion
Dat ole time religion
Dat ole time religion
Is good enough for me!"

Biff, bang, crash went the band, and over and over again we shouted to the approving villagers, stray hens, roosters and dogs about the religion which was good enough for us.

Soon our hosts were in such an ecstasy that they pranced and danced and gyrated in their excitement. With no irreverence in my heart but only in my feet, I found that no longer was I marching but almost prancing. But that was nothing to "Onward Christian Soldiers," which was their other tune. They stamped their feet and addressed the heavens with their hands. We danced with

joy—all except the Governor, who merely marched approvingly and attempted no pas seul.

Eventually we reached a little wooden hall and were ushered into it with great ceremony. The darkie captain then made a speech of welcome "to the Governor and his frens," and said that in his honour they would like to do some dances.

I must admit that the atmosphere became somewhat oppressive, but these coloured fishermen and their girls would make the denizens of the Cafe de Paris or The Four Hundred look like an exhibition of decorum at a girls' school.

Nor was it merely the perfection of their rhythm. They invented steps remarkable in variation, and performed them with dexterity and grace. Lord Ranfurly finally thanked them with a few friendly words, and then the mamies took their sleepy picnics home to bed. At least that was what we assumed. But at two o'clock in the morning we could still hear them marching and singing to the star-studded skies.

Next Day

The next day our dark friend, who had led the procession and the dancing, had his boat ready to take us to the island of Coopers Town, which had never been visited by the representative of Her Majesty. We were accompanied by a dozen of our island hosts of the night before, each one of them wearing some kind of bow tie or black cotton jacket to show that this was a ceremony of historic importance.

So we crossed the glinting waters and duly arrived. All the three hundred or so inhabitants were down to meet us, and the variety of their dress was infinite.

After a few welcoming words the band, that might have been a twin of the one of Green Turtle Cay, broke out and we marched to the school-house to the rhythm of that same Old Time Religion. But we were rather more decorous this time. There is a sharp difference between the hot morning and "dat ole devil evening."

Happy People

Arrived at the school-house, the teacher welcomed the Governor and Lady Ranfurly in simple, dignified words. This, he said, was a day that would never be forgotten. Here on this little island was the representative of our gracious Queen. For all time the visit would be remembered.

"Dat's right!" said the audience. And what an audience they were! A more whiff of humour and they laughed exultantly. A word of gentleness and their kindness embraced everyone. And holy

smoke! How they sang "Rule Britannia!"

"Dis wuz the charder
De chardner uh de wayes
Dat Britons nebber nobber
Shall be slaves.
Rule Britannia!"

I suppose that nearly all of them were descended from slaves, but Britain's charter of the seas had made them free. We hear so much about the exploitation of subject races and the harsh hand of imperialism that it was deeply moving to see the gratitude and the trust of these simple, happy people.

The speeches were short and dignified, punctuated by laughter and full-throated support. "I am not worthy to speak in the presence of His Excellency," began one speaker.

"Dat's right!" shouted one of his friends, but he meant it as encouragement.

A youthful man followed him. "My name, Your Excellency, is Cooper. (Dat's right!) Thirty-five years ago, four months and three days my fader what created dis island and gave it his name dashed off to de cemetery." At this point he looked up towards heaven. "Fudder," he said, "You done good, and I hope you can see dat dis is a very great day."

"Dat's right!" shouted the audience. And then we marched away to the quayside and, to the cheers and dancing of the people, we sailed away. But as long as they could see our launch they waved and sang.

Odd Quirk

Into the skies again and back to Nassau! Here is a moneyed paradise. The rich American brings his dollars to spend. In lesser numbers the rich Canadians does the same. As a dollar earner Nassau steadily adds to its prestige and the happiness of Mr Butler.

There are rich British as well, for not only is there summer in January but there is no income tax. The Government of the Bahamas raises its money chiefly by duties on imports. Needless to say, the distillers contribute greatly to the total revenue.

By an odd quirk there is a casing where it routes the authorities have a double zero—which is very good for the authorities, no permanent residents are allowed to play. Thus does the British conscience preserve its comparative virginity.

There is elegance and ease and infinite beauty on the island. Whether the rich deserve such a paradise could be argued, but their dollars and pounds are creating better and better living conditions for the natives. And from the centre there is a sustained and expanding economy for the endless islands that make up the Bahamas.

A great deal depends upon the choice of the Governor.

The real adventure lies beyond the millionaires' playground of Nassau, in the scattered islands . . . the Princess should visit these dark, happy people whom civilisation has forgotten . . .

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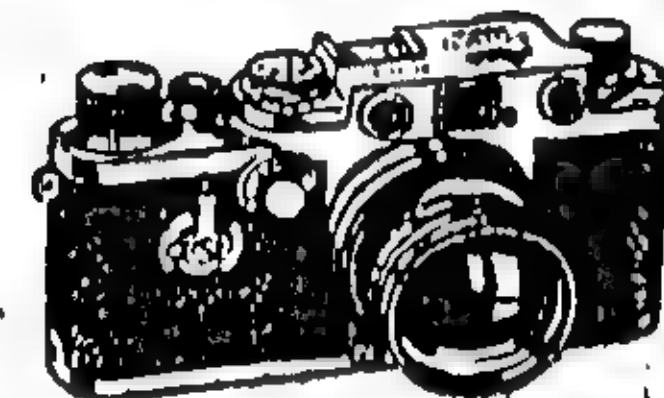
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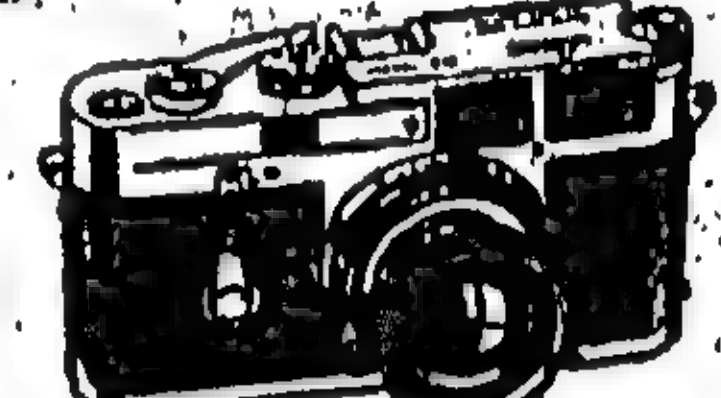
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Another Churchill Portrait

London.
THERE is a second picture of Sir Winston Churchill—artist Graham Sutherland began it before he painted THE picture.

And Mr Sutherland decided he did not like his first picture; he left it and started a second... THE picture which is now the most controversial of the century.

The first picture, in oils and measuring 36ins. by 20ins. was of Sir Winston in Garter robes—a picture which might have been expected as THE picture of the Prime Minister, acceptable to everyone and one likely to cause little comment and certainly little controversy. It was a possibility for Mr Sutherland, an exploratory picture, the picture which might have been, but one which he rejected.

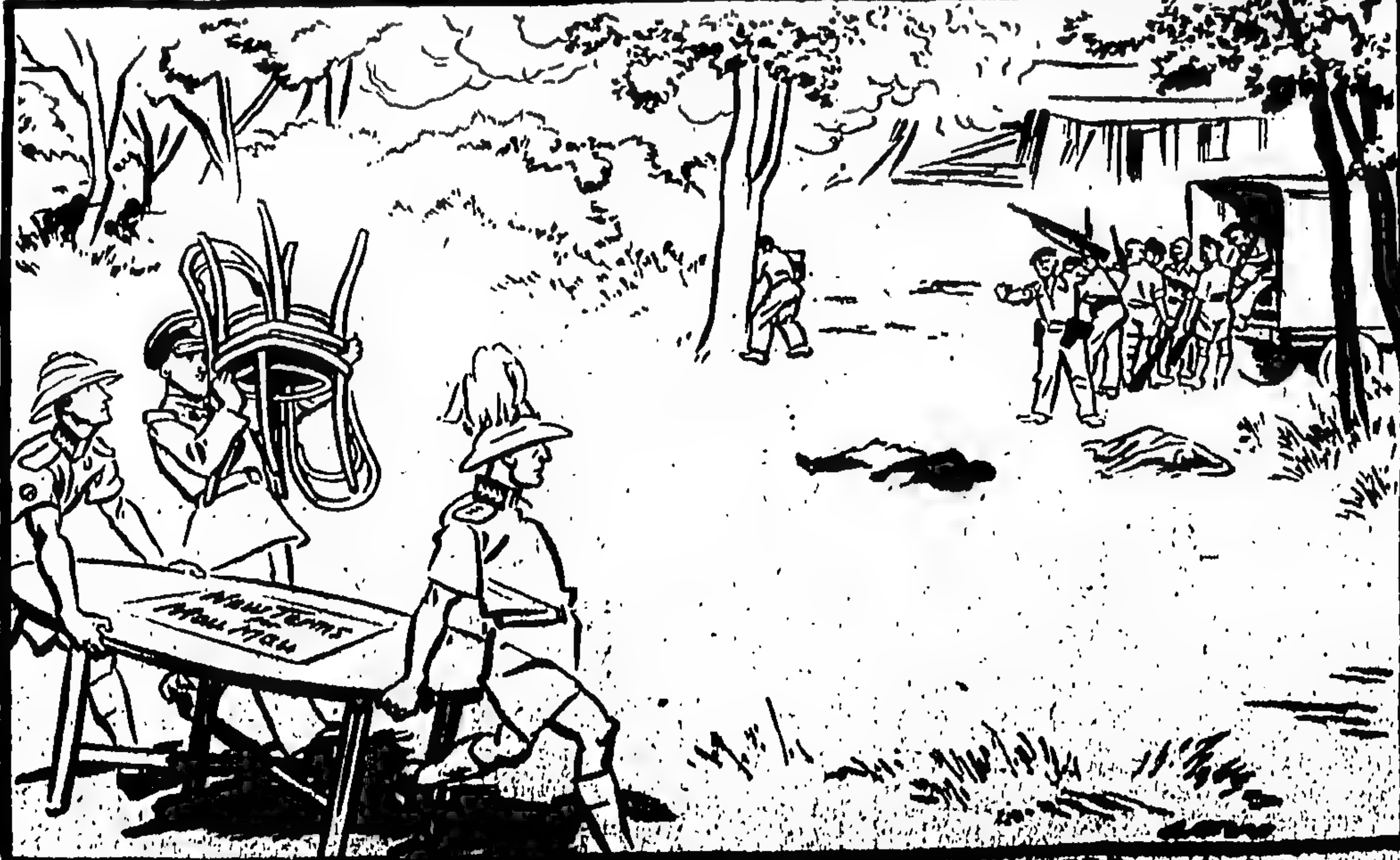
Sir Winston asked Mr Sutherland if he could see it, and for more than two weeks the OTHER picture has been at No. 10, Downing Street while THE picture lies in a darkened back room of Sir Winston's empty Kensington house.

Sir Winston asked Mr Sutherland "The OTHER picture is only a portraiture likeness of the Prime Minister, let's call it a chart for what was my original idea." "Yes, it's in colour, but unfinished. Nothing would have been known of it until the other one was hung if this had not been discovered."

So what will happen to the OTHER picture? "I would have collected it from Downing Street by now to slash it," said Mr Sutherland.

"But I have not been to town for some days. When it is finished I will see it."

So there were two pictures of Sir Winston, one the end of the story?



"GOT TO STOP SOMETIME—SOONER THE BETTER"

With Churchill in agreement with the Mahatma Gandhi

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Why I Decided to Debunk a Hero

RICHARD ALDINGTON, whose new life of Lawrence of Arabia has set off one of the biggest literary-historical rows of the century, explains to Sydney Smith why he wrote it

PARIS. England has known for many a good year. Richard Aldington, whose first novel, "Death of a Hero," debunked the glamour of war 26 years ago, has challenged tradition and legend again with a major work debunking Lawrence of Arabia.



ALDINGTON LAWRENCE
The myth of a hero.

One letter reached him from a retired British Air Force officer, Squadron Leader G. C. Breese, who was commanding officer when Lawrence, after his desert exploits, joined T. E. Lawrence's school in Uxbridge Barracks as a recruit in 1932. Breese writes to Aldington: "That is why he was so convincing," says Aldington.

Such a conclusion is a terrific challenge to at least two generations of Englishmen to whom Lawrence has appeared, and still does, as the classic British hero. There he goes, taming the desert in Arab guise, suffering the tortures of hunger, capture, and escape, the secret chief of a desert war that won victory in the Middle East for his country.

To all this Aldington says, in effect: "Nonsense—mostly lies."

Depreciated

THE row over Lawrence began in France a few weeks ago when a French translation of the Aldington book was printed with the title "Lawrence the Impostor." The French subtitle said: "This is the astonishing faked life of the man who was the great enemy of France, analyzed by a famous English writer."

Aldington told me: "I deprecate the French version of my book, with its deliberate provocation and mistranslations." But he admits the conclusions are the same—Lawrence was "a poseur and a romance."

Aldington has already received a wad of letters. His English publishers have received even more—from ordinary Lawrence hero-worshippers and from people who knew the man in his undoubtedly great days.

The English publishers have been threatened, begged, but not persuaded, to withdraw the book.

Aldington himself says: "All the letters I have received have been opposed to Lawrence."

"I had the perisher, under his assumed name, under my direct command. I tried to get him out three times until I was ordered to headquarters and partially told of the reasons for his recruitment. For years I've been trying to debunk him, but I've been howled down."

Why did Aldington—a man of considerable weight in English letters today—write this book? He tells me:

"I began to write a perfectly plain, objective, account of Lawrence's life. I look four years' work on Lawrence, studied 15 years of his private letters—banned from publication and now in the British Museum."

"I checked and counter-checked until very gradually, between the facts and the legend, I began to perceive an enormous gap. My supposition grew that the ordinary episodes had been magnified into extraordinary exploits."

Aldington not only consulted Lawrence's letters but official War Office histories, reports

from British officers who were eye-witnesses of Lawrence's alleged exploits, and finally letters written about Lawrence from "very high quarters." One of these, I believe, was written by one of Lawrence's admirers, Sir Winston Churchill.

The British edition of the Aldington book appeared last week-end. It has been shown to Lawrence's brother and to a large number of his friends. They have all disapproved of it strongly.

Not disputed

BUT it is coming out. For, say the publishers, "No one has been able to dispute the major facts. If they had we would have changed them."

The fact that the row behind the scenes began months before publication gives some idea of the jealousy, living controversy that still buzzes bitterly round the life of the shy, Arab-dressed figure who became one of the most romantic British heroes of the twentieth century.

NANCY SPAIN ON NEW BOOKS

NO POISON ON LUCRETIA

I HAVE been reading a book by Dr. Bergen Evans, an old sportsman. If ever there was one, entitled his work **THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS** (Michael Joseph, 15s.), he has exploded nearly all my favourite fallacies. . . . Fancy finding out that Cleopatra wasn't Egyptian, that Nero didn't fiddle, that Dr. Guillotine didn't invent it, that Churchill wasn't the first person to link oratorically, "blood and toil and tears and sweat."

And that Lucretia, Borghese was probably a good girl. Mind you, I don't really care that Dr. Guillotine simply said that the French revolutionaries ought to have some sort of a head-chopping machine; and I am entranced that John Donne (1611) and Lord Byron (1823) forestalled Churchill.

But I am really terribly upset about Lucretia. So far from being a gay, poisoning, idiosyncratic little number, Dr. Evans says that "the only force of character" she showed in her life was on her wedding journey when she held up the cavalcade to wash her hair.

Dr. Evans says that the Renaissance poisoners were terribly tidy too; and the famous poison rings (hollow with a needle let into them) wouldn't have hurt a mouse. Give him his due, Dr. Evans doesn't only destroy my dreams; he has also collected many gloriously useless facts. Flies, for instance, take off with a backward leap, and that is why I miss them when I swat.

But I must dispute the doctor's allegation that nobody can read more than two books a day and absorb their contents. Maybe he would like to have a little wagger?

HE is nuts

I MUCH enjoyed Mrs. Joan Fleming's **HE OUGHT TO BE SHOT** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), a splendid suspense story about a nutty artist called Caspar.

Caspar has bewitched a nice young woman called Miss B. C. B. C. thinks herself three distinct persons: one babyish, one woman, one quite nice. She is turned over to a psychiatrist. He succeeds in "fusing" the three personalities into one and rechristens her "Margaret."

Which seems to me the crowning confusion.

SHE is mad

AS LAS, there is bad news in the pay-off. Shirley Jackson, whose last book, "Life Among the Savages," was so easy to understand that it was actually turned into a B.C.C. "Woman's Hour" serial, has gone swooning back to her psychiatrist's notebook style with **THE BIRD'S NEST** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.).

Miss Elizabeth Richmond is mad. Her mania takes the form of "split" personality, i.e., Miss B. C. B. C. thinks herself three distinct persons: one babyish, one woman, one quite nice. She is turned over to a psychiatrist. He succeeds in "fusing" the three personalities into one and rechristens her "Margaret."

Which seems to me the crowning confusion.

PARADE

BEAR HUG Lloyds of London have agreed to insure the sheep of the Pyrenees against pawing by the last of Europe's husky mountain bears.

And the insurance policy brings to an end the smouldering feud between the local shepherds and the Association of Mountain Huntsmen.

More than a hundred sheep in the last month alone have been hugged to death by the bears, some of which weigh 700 lb. and stand nearly eight feet high. But the Association says that since they are the last of their kind in all Europe it does not want them shot.

For a while it looked as though the Association would lose—particularly when the Lower Pyrenees Hunting Federation, sending good game to be had, sided with the shepherds. Then somebody hit on insurance, reasoning that Lloyds was always ready to insure anybody against anything.

The Association will pay the premium. Lloyds will pay the shepherds "in such cases where the bears' culpability shall be indisputably proven."

UNUSUAL Should a NEIGHBOURS smiling man have his betting office next door to a church? The question faced the Socialist-controlled housing and planning committee of Doncaster Rural Council, and it was answered with a definite NO.

The Committee recommended that the bookie should not be allowed to open an office next to the 40-year-old brick-built Methodist church at Rosalington, near Doncaster.

And the Council is expected to agree.

Each Sunday evening the church has a congregation of about 150 people, most of them miners' wives and daughters. Few miners go along.

Welsh-born Lewis Jones, the minor member of the committee, explained his views this way: "I am not a churchman, and I'm not much of a gambler either. Just a couple of shillings on the football pools—that's as far as I go. If people want to gamble, that's their affair. But the committee felt that a church and a betting office should not be next door neighbours. They stand for entirely different things. Some say the church stands for good and the betting office for evil, but I wouldn't go so far as to say that myself."

But the bookmaker, Norman Tweedale, has already bought his office (once a fish and chip shop) and has started redecorating it. He says he's not beaten.

yet. And if necessary he'll take his case to the Minister of Town and Country Planning.

SHORT OF Britain is running out of clergymen. Church of England officials predicted that only 300 clergymen will be ordained in the church this year. Last year there were only 380.

The average number of ordinations from 1850 to 1890 was 850—just about enough to keep the supply steady. Since then there has been a continuing decline.

In 1890, England and Wales had a population of 34 million and nineteen thousand Church of England (the established government church) clergymen. Now, with a population of 44 million, there are only 14,000.

It would need 600 to 700 ordinations a year just to keep the present low numbers constant.

Sir President Kelly, 73-year-old past President of the Royal Academy and reckoned Britain's top art expert, had a confession to make last week: "I don't understand modern art," he said.

He made his confession with a gentle shake of the head at London's Young Contemporaries Exhibition and he had some more comments for the artists, too.

Among them: "You are engaged in the only decent occupation in the world—but you're going to have a much rougher passage than I had. There are too many of you."

"I am really a mild old gentleman and I am interested in art. But I am not interested in art criticism, the Third Programme (Britain's long-hair radio network) or offshoots."

With that he was off.

REALLY When William Robinson got himself a job as a garage attendant at 7 a.m. six days a week—his workmates were surprised. "Strong back for a man in his sixties" was the usual remark.

Last week William retired—and his workmates found out that he was 80.

How did he manage to survive the anonymous way at Jersey Park, in suburban London, that "was a bare sixty"?

"No cigarettes and a bottle of brown ale now and then is my secret," says William. And he still does not look more than 40, but he certainly below freezing.

"I was beginning to get him down. 'Do I give in to my family and retired'."

HOUSEWIFE'S Government research men have let out a few facts on what a housewife does in the home while her husband is away at work.

And this was the most surprising—in a small compact home she walks about a mile a day going about her house cleaning and cooking.

The government men, members of a building research station operated by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, are studying housewives' habits—and so far, out the best place to build a house.

To get their facts the researchers had a special three-bedroom house of plywood built in Hertfordshire, furnished it, threw in all the things that go to clutter up a room—toys for instance—then added 10 volunteer housewives, one at a time, and told them to go to work.

Everything was timed. Instruments under the floors chartered every movement inside the house.

And this is what the researchers found: A housewife spends 70 percent of her time in the kitchen and does 40 percent of her walking—nearly half a mile—in there.

She never closes a door behind her.

Richard Bateson, who directed the experiment, said: "It is surprising way the women think about the house. If this is typical—and we think it is—we have got to think again about where to put the doors and how we should hang them."

WHAT'S IN HIS name was the name of a member—and that was the only name he had.

The judge looked at him quickly. "Was he sure his name was 'Remember'?" No other names? Not, perhaps, "Forget?"

The accused looked at the Cape Town judge who had fined him £5. Remember was an African and he had forgotten the name which entitled him to be in a municipal area.

THE BARE The American Sunbathing Association is up in arms because a man sneaked in on a nudist wedding and is now boasting that he has a roll of colour film of the transaction.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Winter Sports

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE ANNUAL BANQUET—WHERE THE JOKES AND MENU ARE AS UNCHANGING AS A STATUE'S SMILE.



WELL DONE, PAKISTANI!

A Mighty Swipe Could Mean A Wicket As Well As A £5 Note

London.

The Pakistan Cricket Board of Control have done something to be greatly commended in banning the presentation of prizes to Pakistani cricketers during the current Tests against India.

That is the view of a large number of cricket fans in this country, who deplore the increasing system of offering prizes, monetary or otherwise, for outstanding feats with bat or ball. It obtains during the England-Australia matches where outstanding feats are recognised by gifts.

For some it is an excellent way of advertisement. What is a £100 to the publicity that can be got from it.

Cricket is a team game and each man should be in the mood to do what he can for his side, not for his own sake, not for his own ends. Such players, whether they be professional or amateur, who play for their own averages, are usually severely criticised, though a professional certainly has more grounds for doing so than the amateur.

HUMAN NATURE

The psychological reaction on players offered prizes for outstanding performances must be bad. It could hardly be otherwise. It would not be human nature if they did not try and win them.

In doing so, they might sacrifice the chances of their team. A player can hardly play his natural game if he thinks of what runs, catches or wickets may mean personally to him in cash or kind.

A mighty swipe might mean a six runs, a five pound note, it might cost a valuable wicket. In the same way in football, giving forwards bonuses for goals scored would result in selfish forward play, would re-

sult in players wanting to be forward and generally have nothing but an adverse effect on the game.

And there are those who believe that the giving of special awards for the victory of a team in a particular match is also a very bad thing as it prevents the players giving of their natural best.

They often spoil play by over-eagerness and even by roughness. That certainly is the view taken by the English Football Association, who give their players in international matches a fixed sum for the game, with a bonus or loss. Some countries, however, not only offer their players tempting prizes for their team's victory, but threaten them with no cash at all if they lose.

The Pakistan cricketers were being offered by business men and institutions prizes from £100 in cash to bicycles, wrist-watches and furniture.

In banning these acceptance, the Secretary to the Board said: "We will not tolerate any object which may affect the outcome of the present Test series". There are those who would like to see the Australian and MCC tour of Australia and MCC tour of Australia and MCC tour of Australia.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SEVENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 12th & Saturday 19th February, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club).

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Ball will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons must wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72611).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the meeting. For this purpose a child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the dining rooms in the members' dining hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each per day and \$36.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 11.00 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 9th April, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

TWO PROMISING GAMES WELL WORTH THE JOURNEY TO THE VALLEY

By "PAK LO"

Now that the excitement of the last two days has died down, rugger returns to its more normal status with two more Pentangular matches scheduled for this afternoon.

As announced previously in this column there has been a switch in the fixture list, and this afternoon the Navy and the RAF meet at 3.00 p.m., whilst at 4.15 p.m. the Army clashes with the Club. Both of these games will take place on the Club ground in Happy Valley.

The Club "B" will also be seen in action against a XV representing all the REME units in the Colony. The encounter will take place at Sookumpoo at 2.30 p.m. This should be a fairly good game, but the REME with the much stronger side, are expected to win fairly comfortably.

Without doubt the game with the most interest inherent in it is the Club versus Army one, at 4.15 p.m.

If the Army succeed in running off the field the victors after today, they will have won the Pentangular Tournament after playing only six out of eight matches.

This may or may not be a Colony record, but figures for previous years are not available. But if they go on to win all of their games it may well be a new record.

A FEW CHANGES

The Army team has quite a few changes in it from previous weeks, all due to injuries, but despite that it is easily strong enough to overcome a normal Club side.

Brentford and Parkinson will again be playing for the third day running, and it is rumoured that some of the Club selectors have been praying that they go stale with a surfeit of rugger.

Such, alas for their hopes, is unlikely to be the case, and these two will probably disrupt the Club's ideas.

Ingall returns to the Army wing, but Blincoe is a doubtful starter this week. If he is unable to play, his place will be taken by Cunningham.

This still looks a strong quarter-back line, and with Edwards on the opposite wing to Ingall, should do well. The pack has quite a large number of changes, which, all in all, will weaken it slightly, though

whether enough for the Club's purposes remains to be seen.

Barker, after his good showing against Slesman last week, retains his place as hooker, and should succeed in getting the lion's share of the ball, when he pits his skill against V. Russell, which should give his team an inestimable advantage.

THE CLUB TOO

The Club have made a few changes from the team which was whacked by the Gunners last week. Petrie drops back to full back in an attempt to plug a serious gap in the Club's defences, making it a little stronger.

Stone, fit again, returns to the left wing three-quarter position. Barker makes a rather unexpected return to the back in place of Black, while Campbell fills Petrie's erstwhile position of wing forward.

Farquharson, not seen for some time lately, comes in as lock.

The Club, for the first time in a long era, admitting to themselves that they have not the men to replace injuries, have decided instead of useless switching to adopt new tactics.

Exactly what these are I am not allowed to say as the Army is to be kept in doubt until the very last moment.

Should this change in tactics come off, the Club stand a good chance of beating the Army. To do so every member of the Club team must be on his toes, and their tackling for a change must be full-blooded and hard.

The pack, under the leadership of Kerr, should move more than hold their own and on them will devolve the chances of winning this game.

Should these new tactics fail, however, the Army will run off the field the victors by rather a large score. The Club tactics should bamboozle the Army for a short time, and may even give the Club a half time lead, but by then the Army will have

found the answer, and should go on to win.

NAVY v. RAF

In the initial game this afternoon the Navy are putting out a really strong team with a very good fast three line.

The Navy pack has plenty of go in the loose and are the equals of the RAF in this department.

Sheering is the new hooker, but it is doubtful if he can out-hook Slesman in the set scrums. In comparison the RAF have the better line-out forwards, and their backs should get a plentiful share of the ball.

The Navy three line looks much more promising than the RAF one, with Taul on one wing and Fleet and Hewitt in the centre. Given the chance they should score, but the RAF, with the advantages gained by Slesman and the other forwards, should win by a narrow margin.

The battle of the forwards should provide some spectacular rugby, and the game could easily go to one side or the other. The RAF should be the winners when everything is considered.

All in all two promising games which will repay the journey to the Club ground. In the evening the Club, in conjunction with others interested in rugger, are entertaining the Malaya-Singapore XV to a steak and kidney dinner in the Clubhouse after the two games.

THE TEAMS

Navy: Lloyd, Taul, Fleet, Howitt, Seward, Barton, Seymour-East, Hala, Sheering, Newman, Annandale, Harrison, Culverwell, Clode, Cones.

Army: Potter, Edwards, Blincoe, Cunningham, Kirbetson, Ingall, Brentford, Parkinson, Bevan-Thames, Barker, Tindell, Jealous, Ferry, McGhee, Coley, Hill.

Club: Petrie, Spencer, Bramhall, Penman, Stone, Hickson, Cole, Hargreaves, V. Russell, Barker, Kerr, Talamo, Campbell, Farquharson, Kilvert.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



LEAGUE CRICKET

Recreio Unlikely To Repeat Their Victory Over The Scorpions

By "GOOGLY"

Recreio will have the Scorpions as their guests this afternoon in the First Division of the Cricket League and though the King's Park team won convincingly in the first round at Chater Road I fancy the Scorpions, fresh from their victory over Army North, to take all four points this time.

Craigengower will be no pushover for Army South at the Valley, but the soldiers are still likely to collect all four points despite their defeat last week at the hands of the Optimists.

The Police are too well balanced to be upset by the Undergraduates at Pokfulam. Kowloon Cricket Club, who were idle last week, will have an easy match this afternoon against Navy.

Playing on their own ground, the odds are with Optimists as they take on the Royal Air Force at Chater Road. The airman's fighting spirit might make it a closer match than anticipated. Army North have a bye.

With good weather after the last cold spell in January and drawing of stumps time being extended to 6.15 p.m., drawn games should not now be too common. Following last week's upset, the Championship race has become much more open with four or five teams with a reasonable chance of finishing on top.

The League leaders, Army South, seem to be well dug in though they are not unassailable. With a well balanced side and strength in every department, the mathematical chances of their being further upset are small.

SECOND DIVISION

Recreio, the Junior Division team with the best "on paper" prospects for the Championship, will be visiting Sookumpoo this

afternoon to take on IRC "A". If Remedios touches the same form with the ball as he did last week the Indians will not be able to reach three figures.

Everything, however, cannot depend on one man and the IRC "A" captain, A. R. Kitchell, has considerable experience at his command and a team of young players.

If the Indians have second sense of the wicket it will be difficult for Recreio to collect more than one point. The result of this game will have considerable bearing on the ultimate destination of the Championship.

King George V School, playing at home, are not unlikely to gain their revenge at the expense of IRC "B", but they will be up against an experienced captain, too, in Arthur Ramjahn.

Tomorrow the Police should be able to take maximum points from the University at Happy Valley and Army should similarly have little difficulty in taking full points from the Dockyard at Sookumpoo.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

CCC v. Army South
Recreio v. Scorpions
University v. Police

Navy v. KCC
Optimists v. RAF
Army North (Bye)

Second Division
IRC "A" v. Recreio
KCC v. Navy
KGV v. IRC "B"
Army v. Dockyard

TOMORROW

Second Division
Police v. University

HOW THEY STAND

First Division

	P	W	L	D	Pts
Army South	14	8	3	3	35
Recreio	12	7	3	2	30
Army North	12	7	4	1	29
RAF	10	6	2	2	28
KCC	11	6	3	2	28
Optimists	11	6	5	0	24
Scorpions	11	5	2	4	24
Police	12	5	6	1	21
CCC	11	4	7	0	15
Navy	11	1	9	1	5
University	9	0	9	0	0

Second Division

	P	W	L	D	Pts
RAF	15	9	3	3	39
Army	13	8	3	2	34
KCC	13	7	3	3	31
Recreio	11	7	3	2	30
IRC "A"	12	7	4	1	28
IRC "B"	14	7	6	1	28
Police	14	7	6	1	28
Dockyard	15	6	7	2	28
DBS	15	5	9	1	21
Navy	15	5	9	1	21
KGV	18	4	8	1	17
University	11	0	11	0	0

On Location

(Continued from Page 2)

Having been led first by a false trail to Aberdeen (where, after waiting all day for the sun to come out, they were holding off for a certain light effect), I was directed on to Deep Water Bay where a small cluster of cars and lorries on the usually deserted road showed that something unusual was about to happen.

A small open Sunbeam Talbot was parked with them and with an entire absence of bustle William Holden and Jennifer Jones were photographed in it from the back of the truck in front of them.

No wonder the Hongkong Police are so co-operative with this visiting film company—William Holden drove that small right-hand-drive sports car as though he'd been born in Oxford—or wherever it is they make Sunbeams!

When we finally see the picture here, somewhere towards the end of the year, the background shots will include the ride from Deep Water Bay to Aberdeen, (not, I hope, including two pencil-waving females) those famous fish boats, parts of the Peak, and of course that well known club in Conduit Road.

Three million dollars was the figure I was told it will cost to make the picture. I compared this with the given figures for "Theodore, Slave Emperor" and find that it cost over two million dollars and took a full year to film.

NOTICE

HONG KONG CRICKET CLUB

Colony Tennis Championships

Entries for the Singles and Doubles Tennis Championships, close at 5 p.m. on the 9th February, and 1st Round Matches start on the 14th February.

Entry forms are obtainable from all Clubs and Sports Shops.



What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

APPLAUD THE SELECTORS
FOR GIVING MORE YOUNG
PLAYERS THEIR CHANCE

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Some time ago the English Football Association Bulletin had on its cover a cartoon of a party of men around the bar in the local inn. One of the individuals was depicted in cringing attitude and the caption to the picture... as near as I can recall... was 'The man who agreed with the Selectors'.

That such a picture should be considered humorous merely emphasises the fact that generally speaking the 'amateur' selector always feels that he can do a better job than those people who have to carry out the job, and who have eventually to stand or fall by their decisions.

The amateur is on a good wicket in this respect for he can frame his suggested selections in ambiguous terms and, with a touch of verbiage skill, he can appear to be right no matter how things go.

The job of picking teams for big games is not an easy one here in Hongkong. There are many factors to be considered when arriving at individual selections and for that reason I must congratulate the Interpict Committee on its choice of players for the All-Hongkong game against Admirals FC.

First I applaud the selection of Szeto Yiu as captain. This youngster has made astonishing progress since his switch in a KMB emergency from outside-right to full-back. He always tries to play the ball cleanly and he will make a thoughtful and confident captain for the Colony side.

I applaud too the new right wing and while there is always something sentimental about the removal of established stars from the limelight I don't think any fair-minded enthusiast will regret the dropping of Ho Ying-fun and Chu Wing-keung is premature.

They have had a good run but this season, except for one flash, they have been playing on their past reputations.

The All Hongkong side is a good one and Admirals FC will have to be an accomplished team to beat the local representatives.

However, I wish I could also voice the same views about the Hongkong Selection.

In an emergency ageing veteran Ng Kee-cheung was brought into the Hongkong Selection against Grasshoppers and there is no doubt at all that he played a serviceable game.

Be that as it may, however, it is surely a retrograde step to select him for the Austrian series to the exclusion of our promising youngsters.

His inclusion means also that Lau Chi-ping has to play out of position, and it means too that young players, like Sit Pei-yn for instance, are denied an opportunity to get the beneficial experience of playing against a crack Continental team. For surely no one would try to suggest that Ng Kee-cheung requires, or will benefit from, such experience at this stage of his career.

DEBATABLE

One of the most colourful personalities to come into Colony football this season is Mantelgas, the Macao goalkeeper, who plays regularly for St. Joseph's.

Mantelgas is, in many ways, an entertainment. This is partly because of his unorthodox tactics and partly because he has a flare for making even the most nominal of goalkeeping tasks look spectacular.

He is a good goalkeeper but I believe that he is guilty of breaking the rules of the game. I am of the opinion that he is being allowed to do this by referees who seem uncertain about one aspect of his play, and who are giving him the benefit of the doubt as to whether what he is doing at present is legitimate or otherwise.

When Mantelgas collects the ball he takes his normal steps to kick it clear but, if he is challenged, he puts the ball on the ground still holding it with his hands.

When the opportunity arises he carries on with the job of trying to get the ball away and if he is challenged again he repeats his previous move.

In recent games against Sing Tao and the Army he moved about the penalty area, putting the ball on the ground three, four, and even five times before clearing it upfield.

It is the considered opinion of many soccer experts that each time Mantelgas goes through this act he is in breach of the rules. They feel that as he does not release his hold on the ball he should be penalised for over-carrying.

I know only too well that there are two distinct schools of thought about whether or not a goalkeeper should be challenged while in possession, but as long as such a challenge is absolutely fair and legitimate within the rules it must be accepted, and if a goalkeeper uses illegitimate means to combat the challenge then he should be penalised.

It is my own opinion that retaining a hold on the ball and merely playing it on the ground satisfies neither the letter nor the spirit of the rules.

I understand that one of our senior referees intends to make this matter a talking point at a forthcoming meeting and it will be most interesting to hear what the considered views about Mantelgas' actions are.

THEY DESERVE BETTER

Now I am going to leave the worries of big-time football and bring up once again the question of the inadequate facilities available for the junior players who take part in the games at Happy Valley.

I spent a lot of time in the Valley recently, and I could not help but feel that very little is being done by the appropriate authorities to improve the amenities.

I might not have produced this matter this week but for a paragraph I came across in a United Kingdom Sunday paper of January 23.

This announced that in one of the cities in Britain the local authorities had decided to spend £30,000 to provide and improve facilities for the youth of the community in the city's main playing areas.

This amount is approximately \$115,000 and is a hefty financial commitment however it is regarded... but I believe that the explanatory comment that went with the money is no less important than the magnitude of the sum involved. One of the legislators in the city concerned said that in the widest sense they could not afford the expenditure.

But he went on to say that his colleagues had decided that progress demanded that facilities should be improved, and if the youth of the day were to be maintained in the role of active, rather than spectator sportsmen, then something vital and far-reaching had to be done to convince them of the importance of participation in organised sport and encourage them to do so.

Such an attitude, if voiced here in Hongkong, would be like a shot in the arm to sport generally. I realise that Government has done well as far as building the great new Stadium is concerned... but that is surely for the few—for the stars—

Don't Sleep Too Much
And Smoke If It
Is Of Any Help

Says SIR ADOLPHE ABRAHAMS

Sir Adolphe Abrahams, 70-year-old, is Medical Officer to the British Olympics team and President of the British Association of Sport and Medicine.

In his younger days he was a fine athlete himself and wrote copiously on athletics and health and such subjects.

So his views on athletics—are noted throughout Britain.

Last week he bluntly told a gathering of more than a hundred athletes and coaches in London that they should drop any hypocritical ideas about sport and go all out to win.

His words were: "There is too much hypocrisy in this country that the sport is the thing, and not the winning. I like to see a man hating to be beaten. Throwing your arms round a man and saying, 'Thank God you beat me' is much worse than breaking down in tears."

PARTICIPATION IN SPORT

It is thought, and material action, could now be given to providing better facilities for those who are on the way up, then the sponsors of the new Stadium would be more than ever assured of a steady supply of the right kind of sportsman to attract the crowds to their fine new arena.

Much more important, they would be doing something really worthwhile to help the ordinary everyday sportsman who will probably never rise to stardom but who deserve better—much better—than they are getting at the moment.

WEEK-END GAMES

Here now is the full programme of First Division games down for decision this week-end.

Today

South China v Army at Caroline Hill at 4 p.m.

Club v RAF at Sookunpoo at 4 p.m.

Tomorrow

Sing Tao v KMB at Club at 4 p.m.

Navy v Police at Causeway Bay at 4 p.m.

CAA v Kitcher at Sookunpoo at 4 p.m.

The big event of the week-end is the clash of KMB and Sing Tao at the Club tomorrow. After the way the Tigers handled Kitcher last week the Busmen will have to treat this game with great care.

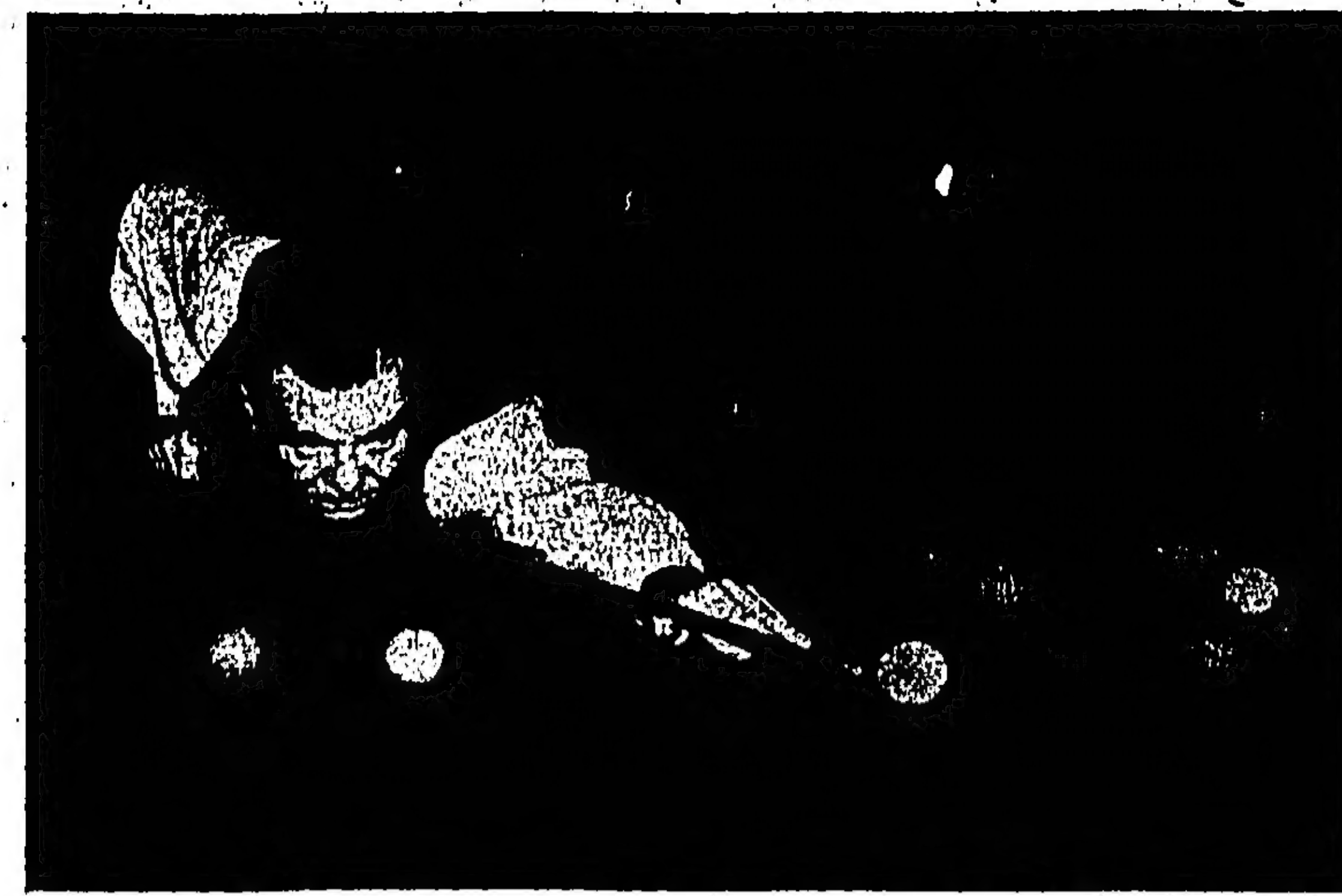
KMB have the forward strength to see them through and there is generally plenty of pace in the side, but if Sing Tao can reproduce last week's brilliance this will be a very close affair.

On the log of form KMB will start slight favourites but if they are to justify that confidence they will have to play in top gear from start to finish and even then Sing Tao will still be in with a chance.

The big attraction today will be the meeting of South China and Army at Caroline Hill. Deportures have played havoc with the 'oldies' side in recent weeks, but as they have already beaten South China at Caroline Hill this season they will be out to repeat their success... but on form South China will start firm favourites.

In the other week-end games RAF and Kitcher look good for the points while Navy and Police may well call it quits at the final whistle.

Joe Davis Attains Perfection



Perfect position and balance as Joe Davis and the 7s. 6d. cue go into action.—Express Photo.

Week-end Softball

One more fully scheduled week-end for softball fans lies ahead, but mostly of unevenly matched games. The best ones will be the U.S. Navy vs. CAA and Delawareans vs. St. Joseph's of the Senior "A" League. University vs. Pandas 'B' and Overseas 'A' vs. Blackhawks 'A' are the "B" Division matches and the former will be a close tussle.

The USS Wilson will play for the U.S. Navy this week. These American sailors possess heavy slugging abilities and sound fundamentals but they need a lot of practice before they can challenge any one of the best local teams.

CAA still maintain their third place in the Senior "A" League as they out-maneuvred the Warriors last week. They will be expected to liquidate the tarts though their pitchers are rather weak.

Young Delawareans are definitely inferior in every department compared to their powerful opponents, the Saints. Should they be sturdier and commit fewer fielding errors they shall be able to check the Saints from running away with the score.

St. Joseph's and Pandas Aces are the only teams in the Pennant race. With Vic Pedruco on the mound, they are expected to blank the young Indian Tribesmen. However they may let their reserves play and make the game more interesting.

The Undergraduates upset the Pandas Bees a few weeks ago. It is believed that they will endeavour to repeat once more this hard-earned victory. The Pandas, on the other hand, seem to be playing better and are ready to take the scholars into camp.

Blackhawk Aces will defeat the Overseas with ease. The Junior tournaments will be mostly one-way affairs. Comets and Blackhawk Bees are far more experienced than the rookie Overseas Jr. and the Lynxes. They will run away with big scores. Wah Ying and Pandas Jr. may have a ding-dong battle but the latter are favoured to win.

In the Ladies' Loop, Wahoo Bees will clash with the hardy Pandas Bees. Both sides have hitting power and their fielding is good. The former, with a faster pitcher and better balanced line-up, will be expected to win. However, the Females are known as giant-killers as they

have time and again upset the ex-champ Wahoo Aces and Colleen Aces during the past season.

Ex-champ Wahoo Aces and South China Ladies will have an easy time with the Colleen Aces and Bees.

THE PROGRAMME

Today

2.00 p.m.: (A) Comets vs. Overseas 'B'; (B) Wah Ying vs. Pandas Jr.

3.30 p.m.: (A) Colleen 'B' vs. South China Ladies; (B) Blackhawk 'B' vs. Lynxes.

Tomorrow

10.00 a.m.: (A) Wahooes 'A' vs. Colleen 'A'; (B) HKU vs. Pandas 'B'.

11.30 a.m.: (A) Delawareans vs. St. Joseph's.

2.00 p.m.: (A) U.S. Navy vs. CAA.

3.30 p.m.: (A) Overseas 'A' vs. Blackhawks 'A'; (B) Wahooes 'B' vs. Pandas Ladies.

Saturday night in Leicester Square. The heart of London's night life. A whirling of chattering pleasure-going crowds and flashing neon signs.

In a small hall on the west side, all is quiet. One light hangs low over a green baize table. The hall holds 200—a fraction of the capacities of the super-cinemas which bound it on all sides.

But here history is being made. For the night is January 22; the place, Leicester Square Hall. And Joe Davis sinks his sixteenth black to bring his snooker break to 147. A world record-perfection.

In theory, it could be beaten. A foul snooker before any balls are potted leaves a player with a free ball. This, with another black, makes possible a freak 155 break. With 100-break players those things just don't happen.

FOR EVER

No, the name Joe Davis will command a special place in the record books for ever.

It is fitting reward. No one has greater claim to this highest of all sporting honours. No sport has ever produced such a dominant figure as the button-nosed Emperor of Pot (his car number, CUE 1).

For twenty years he was World Snooker Champion. He gave up the title because he wanted to rest from the strain of top match play. That was in 1946. Then he had made 200 century breaks.

He has since continued to meet the world's best—although not in tournaments labelled "World Championship." He has given them all a start, except brother Fred, and in just over eight years has chalked up another 378 centuries.

In his heart he could not take it easy. For Joe Davis is a perfectionist. Every shot, whether made at Leicester Square Hall or on his table at home, is aimed at gaining complete control over the ball.

To keep fit he has put in hours of road work and trained with professional footballers. Muscle-building for snooker? Joe estimates he has walked over 10,000 miles around billiard tables.

SPARTAN THOROUGHNESS Since first handling a cue, as a ten-year-old messing about on a table at his father's hotel, Joe has devoted himself to the game with Spartan thoroughness.

At first he practised up to ten hours a day. Even now, the world's best player these thirty years, he puts in at least two hours daily.

"And," says Mrs Davis, "he often snatches a final five minutes to make sure of this or that stroke when leaving for a match." Afterwards he will practise half an hour on a shot that did not go as planned.

All this has served to make Joe Davis what he is. Perhaps even more amazing, is what it has not made him. He is no potting machine. He gets a kick out of every shot. The "sitter" which any amateur would carelessly smash home commands all his attention.

In compiling that 147 Joe showed just how human he is.

With the score at 105, and having played one of the greatest shots in his life, it was then pretty well plain sailing—by Davis standards, that is. But afterwards he admitted that he was so nervous that he nearly fluffed every shot, and the final pot was just about the worst shot he ever made.

The break, like most of his other centuries, was made with a 7s 6d cue bought many years ago. Another odd facet to Snooker King Davis—he prefers billiards. He holds the world billiards record break—not including the anchor stroke breaks and the like—of 1,874.

ON ONE EYE

And he has done it all virtually on one eye. His right eye is "lazy" and practically useless. Having reached the top, where now? As when he relinquished the world crown, Joe has ideas of easing off a bit and letting the others have a go.

But can he ease up? Two days after his record he was playing brother Fred. He chalked up a break of 133.

An final word from Joe: "Snooker is war. The ball is my enemy. I do everything to beat it."

(—London Express Service.)

CHARLTON TURN
DOWN OFFER
TO PLAY HONVED

Jimmy Seed, former Tottenham, Sheffield Wednesday and England inside forward, and manager of Charlton Athletic for the last 21 years, has turned down an offer to play Honved, the Hungarian Champions.

The match would have taken place in Antwerp this month. Seed said: "We were sorry to have to decline a match with such attractive opponents. But our home commitments made it quite impossible."—London Express Service.

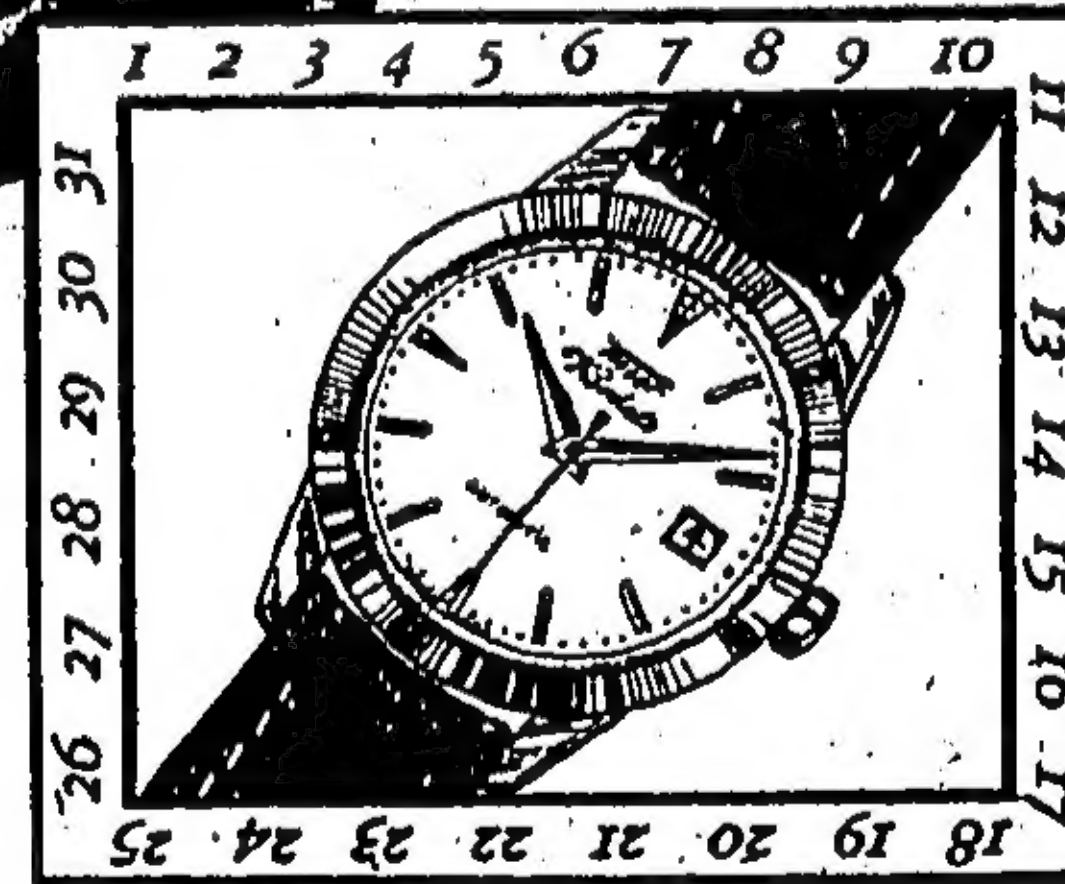


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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



Whatever the subject
CAPTURE IT WITH

